

# THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER -4, 1831.

NUMBER 43.

PRINTED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,  
BY S. BARTLETT & CO.,

No. 76 1-2 MAIDEN-LANE,  
At Three Dollars a year—payable in advance.  
Four Dollars when sent out of the United States.  
All Letters to be addressed to the proprietors,  
POST PAID.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

### EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A BACHELOR.

"There's many a slip,  
Twixt the cup and the lip."

Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle was a grocer in the upper part of the city. His shop stood on the corner of two streets. The sign over his shop door doubled the corner. NATHANIEL was on one street, DOOLITTLE on the other. The ceiling was hung round with bunches of onions, festoons of sausages and tassels of candles. The counter was occupied by a beer-pump, at which the workmen in the neighbourhood were wont to regale themselves. The shelves were well stocked with sugars and flies—capers and cobwebs, and other articles of merchandize. One would have judged, from an inspection of the premises, that Nathaniel drove but a small business—sufficient barely to support a bachelor of moderate pretensions. But appearances are frequently deceitful—the door that led out of the shop, opened into as pretty a parlour as any in Broadway. On one side were a mirror and a pier-table—opposite, reclined a sofa, flanked by a couple of rocking chairs; on a third side, stood an upright piano of the latest fashion.

Now if you were particularly intimate with Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle, so as to be admitted into the parlour aforesaid, you might see there another piece of workmanship, still more fashionable. This was Miss Dorothy Doolittle, the only daughter of Nathaniel Doolittle, aged about sweet sixteen. She attended a select boarding school as a day-scholar, and took private lessons at home on the piano. Dorothy was an only child, and therefore a spoiled child. That is, she was not very vicious, neither did she romp in the streets, as the Jew family that lived opposite. She was fond of dress, and Nathaniel indulged this fondness to the extent. Still she was quite a pretty-looking girl, in spite of false hair, a false shoulder, and a glass eye.

I remember the first time I saw her—it was in the summer of the last yellow fever. The upper part of the city was at that time quite a fashionable residence; Dorothy made many new acquaintances, and I was of the number. Our acquaintance was accidental. I was returning home from business, thinking of the yellow fever and the profit and loss account, I looked up, and before me perceived a young lady walking with a very interesting gait. My attention was of course arrested. I kept following on and looking at her; the profit and loss account and the yellow fever slipped through my fingers; I forgot every thing else in watching the interesting object before me. I fancied that she knew this, for occasionally she turned round to look at me. I quickened my step, in order to gain a better view of her. She did not quicken hers, but on the contrary I thought slackened it. She was turning a corner—her foot slipped—she fell—I ran to her assistance—she rose—took my arm, and I accompanied her home.

Now, reader, you may expect that I shall relate what passed at this interview—whether Miss Dorothy blushed or her voice trembled, when she announced me to her papa as "the young gentleman that picked her up"—but I shall not, for this principal reason—I have forgotten all about it. Were I writing a love-story for an annual or a magazine, I might make a very pretty affair of it—but I abjure fiction in every thing, especially in matters of fact. Novel writers work up fact and fiction so together, it is difficult to distinguish them; historical fictions are worse than fictitious histories. But this history is no fiction, therefore I shall not garnish it or set it off after the fashion of novelists. My visit was protracted to a late hour—it was nine and a half o'clock when I took up my hat and came to depart. I had spoken many agreeable things in the course of the evening—I knew they were agreeable to Dorothy—her eyes told me so; Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle himself seemed pleased—he laughed heartily at all my jokes—I knew he was pleased, or his queue never would have jumped up and down so briskly as it did. I made my best dancing school bow to Miss Dorothy, and bade her good night. I took Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle quite affectionately

by the hand—enquired the price of sugars, and told him I should call again.

I was exceedingly industrious, for a day or two after, in enquiring into the standing of Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle. If by standing, gentle reader, you should suppose I meant the rank, or circle in society, in which moved Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle, you would certainly be mistaken. By standing, I meant his commercial footing—how he stood upon 'Change; that was the only standing I had any particular anxieties about. I was perfectly satisfied with the result—Mr. Nathaniel was in Wall-street A. number one. I inquired of a sharp-nosed broker—"Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle's note is good for thousands," was the reply. I addressed the question to a bank director—"Doolittle's paper can be discounted to any amount," said he. I asked again of an auctioneer—"Nathaniel's name is as good as old gold," he answered—"there is no mistake in Doolittle."

I resolved to proceed slow and sure. In the course of my observations, I have known many well-laid plans defeated by too great haste to accomplish them. I commenced my daily visits at the shop of Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle—I smoked a pipe with him, sitting on the counter—I talked politics and discussed the bills of mortality. Every day I made some progress into the heart of Nathaniel. I thought it now time to commence the march into the heart of Dorothy. I knew she was quite impatient to see more of me—I had frequently caught her eye peeping at me through the glass door that led into the parlour. I felt flattered by these marks of attention, but thought it best not to show what I felt. I waited till a Sunday, and then made my respects in the evening. I was received with even greater cordiality than I had anticipated. Miss Dorothy pressed my hand tenderly, and said "how do you do," with a very flattering emphasis. I confess I was somewhat embarrassed—I think I must have shown that I was. The perspiration came out on my forehead—my starched collar melted down in a twinkling—I sunk back upon the sofa. Dorothy seated herself beside me. Reader, are you a bachelor? If so, you know how to pity my sufferings. It was the first time I had ever thought seriously of a woman—it was almost the first time I had sat down beside one. How could I feel otherwise than embarrassed? Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle, however, was rich—his daughter was an heiress—I resolved to win her—I talked of the weather, talked of the fashions—talked of the fever—talked of every thing. Miss Dorothy talked likewise—there was music to my ears in every thing she said—she was silver-tongued. When she spoke, I heard the jingling of dollars—when she laughed, there was a bank-note to her intonations. I was completely smitten.

Time flew on—my visits increased—my business decreased—I ran dreadfully in debt—of course I run deeper in love—I saw that the only way to retrieve my fortunes, was to get married—money was the stake—matrimony the game—the day was appointed for wedding—duns and expenses still increased. To silence the former I had recourse to promises—I made known to my creditors the good fortune which awaited me—and entered into bonds to pay all demands as soon as I was married. The nuptial day arrived. Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle made me a call—it was quite an unusual event, but I set it down to his solicitude for my welfare. He proposed a walk—of course I accepted his offer. "Have you spoken for your bridal suit?" inquired Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle. "Assuredly, my dear father, I have," replied I. "I must see your tailor," said Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle—"I have a slight request to make of him." We entered a clothing establishment in Broadway. I announced Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle as my intended father-in-law. The tailor was all smiles, and approached to take his measure. "Stand off!" said Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle—"I have other business to transact with you. What is the amount of this gentleman's bill?" with a significant look at myself. I gave the wink to the tailor—it was too late. "Twelve hundred dollars," said he. "Quite a moderate bill," said Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle—a very trifling item in the expenditures of a young man of great expectations." "Very indeed," responded the tailor. "You have given him credit, I presume, on the strength of these expectations?" said Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle. "I have," said the tailor. "Very well," said Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle, "I called on you to say that the marriage of my daughter is unavoidably postponed—if that marriage is the expectation you have trusted to, I beg you will trust to it no longer."

I was thunderstruck at the words of Mr. Nathaniel

Doolittle—I was taken by surprise—I endeavored to rally and explain. He would suffer no explanation—"I have learnt all," said Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle—"all your foolish extravagances and your fine promises to settle them as soon as you were married—I have watched the progress of your machinations—they are well known to my daughter—you have sought to gain her affections—I fear you have been but too successful. Had you but been as sincere as she in your professions, I would have forgiven your extravagances—I could have pardoned your follies—I would have paid all your debts, and taken you as my son-in-law—but I can never consent to my daughter's being married to a man who would marry her only for her money." So saying, Mr. Nathaniel Doolittle turned on his heel and departed. My tailor frowned, I remained resolute—he demanded his pay—I gave him my promise—he refused to take it, and threatened a suit—not a bridal, but a *Bridevel* suit—I knew the consequences—I knew the difficulty of obtaining the requisite bail—bail to the sheriff and the special bail—there was one other kind of bail I knew there was no difficulty in obtaining—it was LEG BAIL—I took it.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. EDITOR,—Pa is so unreasonable, I can't endure it—I can't positively. He insists upon it that my arms should not be larger than my waist! Was ever anything so shocking? But that is not the worst of my grievances—he wants I should marry a downright man of business—a hum-drum fellow, who is from morning till night in his counting-house, instead of attending to me as a beau ought to. I verily believe he thinks more of his day-book and ledger than he does of me—for he never calls upon me until he has finished all his other business. How stupid! For my part I think a gentleman who professes attention to a lady, ought to think of no other business. Don't you think so?

But there's pa now—he's mightily taken with his man, and thinks there's nobody like him. The ladies too all set their caps for him—and I've a great mind to marry him out of mere spite. To tell the truth he's not a bad looking man, if 'twas't for his want of whiskers, which I don't believe he takes any pains to cultivate. And then his collar I don't think is pointed enough—the angles—I think *jometricians*, or *retoricians* call them—should extend at least three inches beyond the tip of the chin. They say however he's a man of sense, of good moral character, and very charitable withal. But, pugh! what are all these things to a young lady of fashion and spirit? My great objection to him is his everlasting attention to business—business. And then I'm told he's very punctual in money matters—that he wouldn't have a note protested for the world—and yet he's a Protestant. I don't understand it all I protest—how should I? But one thing I know, it has a genteel appearance not to be too particular in paying one's debts—don't you think it has? Please give me your opinion on matters and things in the next paper—and oblige,

Yours respectfully,  
JULIETTA FLOUNCE.

P. S. They say a female always puts the most important part of a letter in the postscript—maybe so. But what I was going to tell you was—there's another gentleman in the case. I've got two beaux to my string. My man is quite different from my father's. He is so attentive to me, and so delightfully negligent of business! And then he has such whiskers, and such a sharp-pointed collar! He's the man for my money—don't you think he is? But, la! pa will never let me have him—unless I run away with him and get married. I've a great mind to I declare—it would be so delightful to have the whole city talk about this beautiful and accomplished Miss Frounce running away with ——— but I won't tell you his name, for fear you'll publish it.

J. F.

## A FRAGMENT CONCERNING RESOLVED SMITH'S LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Resolved is a true Republican, and tells a story about Captain Basil Hall, R.N. (Royal Numekull). When Basil went growing through Old Virginia, at a tavern where he put up one night, he gave out some opinions in relation to the holders of slaves, who, he said, "should each be compelled to drink a gallon of molasses for their cruelty." Now this remark did not please the landlord, who very patriotically gave notice of the same to a planter. This planter was a true-blue son of gaffan Old Virginia; and, at the in-

stigation of the landlord, called for a pint of molasses, and without any preface "spired" at Basil, saying, "you must drink it." Basil stormed and cursed in true English style, d—d all but the King and his particular friend, E. L. Bulwer, and concluded with a most profane and windy stamp on the floor, which infused a little courage into him and caused the windows to rattle somewhat. The bombastic chain of curses being English, and not American, had no effect on the calm, mild planter, who, silently taking Basil by the hinder portion of the neck, squeezed so thoroughly that the R. N. Captain opened his capacious mouth out of sheer wonder, whereupon the molasses passed silently down his throat, much to his discomfort. This being done, Basil felt strange yearnings, and grew very pale.

"Is it hoptional?"—a rising within disturbed his speech—"Is it hoptional wether I 'old hon to it long?"

"Five minutes will do," said the planter.

The five minutes were ended, the molasses ejected, and Basil put to bed. Captain 'All does not mention this affair in his works. No wonder he disliked our manners and customs.

Resolved says, he cannot respect a country where by right (or wrong) of blood, a baby, a silly boy or girl, or a fat, flousy old grey beard, may rule. He further states that there are very few men in England, who, if they should receive a gracious, condescending kick from the gouty foot of *royalty*, would not declare with grateful tears in their eyes, that "this hoccasion, and the hoccurrence which 'as just 'appened, shall bind me to your hamiable Majesty (!) in the bonds of heverlasting gratitude."

R. Smith inquires, what is a King? A man, elevated on the necks of cringing subjects to a height which dazzles the ignorant and deluded people into worshipping a fellow mortal. Such things, he says, cannot endure another age: Liberty has waved her spangled banner over the beautiful fields of France, and a King has disappeared—and now, "all men are born free and equal" sounds sweetly in the ears of her gallant children. The world has long looked upon America and envied her: her example is the watch-tower at which they are gazing; and soon, very soon, like beacons, will be reared over all the crumbling palaces of bloated Kings. So says Resolved Smith, grocery merchant down East, at Stonington, Connecticut.

T. Q.

Lockport, Sept. 6, 1831.

NEW MINERAL SPECIES.—Mr. Johnston describes the brownish-yellow-coloured mineral, with four-sided nearly rectangular prisms, from Leadhills, and well known to mineralogists by the name of new mineral as a vanadate of lead. Vanadium is a new metal, just discovered by Sefstrom. Mr. J. has also in his possession specimens of the same mineral from Alston Moor—*Lou. paper.*

A man fretted himself into ill-health by his anxiety for a cardinal's hat, once asked his friend how he managed to enjoy such excellent health, while he himself was always a valetudinarian? "The reason is," replied the other, "that you have your hat always in your head, and I have my head always in my hat."

## MISCELLANY.

### THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.

Our readers must not suppose the composers or corrector of the press unacquainted with orthography, because the Pacha whom we now introduce to him is distinguished by *tales*, rather than by *tales*. Puns are a part of the literary commissariat of our day, and must be "respected accordingly." The narrative of the slave, and the comments of his auditors, are a good illustration of the Eastern story-telling custom, and evince the readiness and powers of their writer, the author of "The King's Own."

"The camel-driver quitted the divan, prostrating himself before the Pacha, and overjoyed at the fortunate termination of what had threatened so much danger. The Pacha was silent for a little while, during which he puffed his pipe—when he observed:—

"Allah Kebah, God is most powerful! That man has suffered much—and what has he to show for it?—a green turban—He is a Hadji; I never thought that we should have heard so good a story about a 'crust of bread.' His description of the Simoon parched up my entrails. What think you Mustapha, cannot a true believer go to heaven, without a visit to the tomb of the Prophet?"

"The Holy Koran does not say otherwise, your Highness, it inculcates that all who can, should do so, as the path will be rendered easier. Mia Allah! God forbid! Has your Highness ever had the time to go to Mecca, and is not your Highness to go to Hea-veg?"

"Very true, Mustapha, I never had time. In my youth I was busy shaving heads, after that, Wallah! I had enough to do, splitting them; and now am not I fully occupied in taking them off? Is it not so, Mustapha; are not these the words of truth?"

"Your Highness is all wisdom. There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet; and when the latter said, that a visit to the holy shrine would be a passport to heaven, it was intended to employ those who were idle, not to embarrass true believers who work hard in the name of the Most High?"

"Min Allah! God forbid! the case is clear," replied the Pacha, "why, if every body were to go to Mecca, what then Mustapha?"

"Your Highness—it is the opinion of your slave, if such were to take place, that all the fools would have left the country!"

"Very true, Mustapha; but my mouth is parched up with the sand of that Simoon—Sherbet I cannot drink, Rakke I must not, the Hakkim has forbid it; what must it be then, Mustapha?"

"Alah the Holy Prophet forbidden wine to true believers in case of sickness; is not your Highness sick; was the wine of Shiraz given by Allah to be thrown away? Allah Karim! God is most merciful; and the wine was sent that true believers might in this world have a foretaste of the pleasures awaiting them in the next."

"Mustapha," replied the Pacha, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "by the beard of the Holy Prophet, your words are those of wisdom. Is a Pacha to be fed on water-melons? Stalir Allah! do we believe the less, because we drink the wine? Slave, bring the garden. There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet!"

"The words of the Prophet, your Highness, are plain," he says, "True believers drink no wine," which means, that his followers are not to go about the streets, drunken like the Ghouls of Frangistan, who come here in their ships. Why is wine forbidden but because it makes men drunk. If the wine were not drunk, we keep within the law. Why was the law made? Laws cannot be made for all; they must therefore be made for the control of the majority.—Is it not so? Who are the majority? Why the poor? If laws were made for the rich and powerful, such laws would not suit the community at large. Mas-hallah! there are no laws for Pachas, who have only to believe that there is one God and Mahomet is his prophet. Does your slave say well?"

"Excellently well, Mustapha," replied the Pacha, lifting the pitcher to his mouth for a minute, and then passing it to Mustapha. "Allah Karim! God is most merciful! your slave must drink; is it not the pleasure of your Highness? As the wine poured down the throat of your Highness pervades through your whole frame to the extremities, so does your slave participate in your bounty. Do I not sit in your sublime presence? Can the sun shine without throwing out heat; after that your Highness drink, must not I drink? Allah Aker! who shall presume not to follow the steps of the Pacha? So saying, Mustapha lifted up the pitcher, and for a minute, it was glued unto his lips.

"I think that story should be written down," observed the Pacha, after a pause of a few moments.

"I have already given directions, your Highness, and the Greek slave is now employed about it, improving the language to render it more pleasing to the ears of your sublime Highness, should it be your pleasure to have it read to you on some future day."

"That is right, Mustapha; if I recollect well, the Caliph Haroun used to command them to be written in letters of gold, and deposited in the archives; we must do the same."

"The art no longer exists, your Highness."

"Then we must be content with Indian-ink," replied the Pacha, lifting the pitcher to his mouth, and emptying it. "The sun will soon be down, Mustapha, and we must sit off!"

"The Pacha called for coffee, and in a few minutes, accompanied, as before, by Mustapha and the armed slaves, was prowling through the city in search of a story-teller. He was again fortunate, as after a walk of half an hour, he overheard two men loudly disputing at the door of a small wine-shop, frequented by the Greeks and Franks, living in the city, and into which many a slave might be observed to glide, returning with a full pitcher for the evening's amusement of his Turkish master, who as well as his betters, clandestinely violated the precepts of the Koran.

As usual he stopped to listen, when one of the disputants exclaimed—"I tell thee, Anselme, it is the vilest composition that was ever drunk; and I think I ought to know, after having distilled the essence of an Ethiopian, a Jew, and a Turk."

"I care nothing for your distillations, Charis," replied the other, "I consider that I am a better judge than you: I was not a monk of the Dominican order for fifteen years, without having ascertained the merit of every description of wine."

"I should like to know what that fellow means by distilling people," observed the Pacha, "and also why a Dominican monk should know wine better than others. Mustapha, I must see these two men."

The next morning the men were in attendance, and introduced; when the Pacha requested an explanation from the first who had spoken. The man threw himself down before the Pacha, with his head on the floor of the divan, and said,—"First promise me, your Highness, by the sword of the Prophet, that no harm shall result to me from complying with your request; and then I shall obey you with pleasure."

"Mas-hallah! what is the Kafir afraid of? Who craves that he committed, that he would have his pardon granted before he tells his story?" said the Pacha to Mustapha.

"No crime toward your state, your sublime Highness; but when in another country, I was unfortunate," continued the man—"I cannot tell my story, unless your Highness will condescend to give your promise."

"May it please your Highness," observed Mustapha, "he asserts his crime to have been committed in another state. It may be heavy, and I suspect his murder;—but although we watch the flowers which ornament our gardens, and would punish those who cull them, yet we care not who intrudes and robs our neighbour—and thus, it appears to me, your Highness, that it is with states, and sufficient for the ruler of each to watch over the lives of his own subjects."

"Very true, Mustapha," rejoined the Pacha; "besides, we might lose the story. Kafir, you have our promise, and may proceed."

The Greek slave (for such he was) then rose up, and narrated his story in the following words:—

"I am a Greek by birth; my parents were poor people residing at Smyrna. I was an only son, and brought up to my father's profession,—that of a cooper. When I was twenty years old, I had buried both my parents, and was left to shift for myself. I had been for some time in the employ of a Jewish wine-merchant, and I continued there for three years after my father's death, when a circumstance occurred which led to my subsequent prosperity and present degradation."

At the time that I am speaking of, I had, by strict diligence and sobriety, so pleased my employer, that I had risen to be his foreman; and although I still superintended and occasionally worked at the cooperage, I was intrusted with the drawing off and bottling of the wines, to prepare them for the market. There was an Ethiopian slave, who worked under my orders, a powerful, broad shouldered, and most malignant wretch, whom my master found it almost impossible to manage; the bastinado, or any other punishment, he derided, and after the application only became more sullen and discontented than before. The fire that flashed from his eyes, upon any fault being found by me on account of his negligence, was so threatening, that I every day expected I should be murdered. I repeatedly requested my master to part with him; but the Ethiopian being a very powerful man, and able, when he chose, to move a pipe of wine without assistance, the aversion of the Jew would not permit him to accede to my repeated solicitations.

One morning I entered the cooperage, and found the Ethiopian fast asleep by the side of a cask which I had been waiting for some time, and expected to have been ready. Afraid to punish him myself, I brought my master to witness his conduct. The Jew, enraged at his idleness, struck him on the head with one of the staves. The Ethiopian sprung up in a rage, but on seeing his master with the staff in his hand, contented himself with muttering, "That he would not remain to be beaten in that manner,"—and reappeared himself to his labour. As soon as my master had left the cooperage, the Ethiopian vented his anger upon me for having informed against him, and seizing the staff, flew at me with the intention of beating out my brains. I stepped behind the cask; he followed me, and just as I had seized an adze to defend myself, he fell over the stool which lay in his way—he was springing up to renew the attack, when I struck him a blow with the adze which entered his skull, and laid him dead at my feet.

I was very much alarmed at what had occurred; for although I felt myself justified in self-defence, I was aware that my master would be very much annoyed at the loss of the slave, and as there were no witnesses, it would go hard with me when brought before the cadi. After some reflection I determined, as the slave had said, "He would not remain to be beaten," that I would leave my master to suppose he had run away, and in the mean time conceal the body. But to effect this was difficult, as I could not take it out of the cooperage without being perceived. After some cogitation, I decided upon putting it into the cask, and heading it up. It required all my strength to lift the body in, but at last I succeeded. Having put in the head of the pipe, I hammered down the hoops and rolled it into the store, where I had been waiting to fill it with wine for the next year's demand. As soon as it was in its place, I pumped off the wine from the vat, and having filled up the cask and put in the bung, I felt as if a heavy load had been removed from my mind, as there was no chance of immediate discovery.

I had but just completed my task, and was sitting down on one of the settles, when my master came in, and inquired for the slave. I replied that he had left the cooperage, swearing that he would work no more. Afraid of losing him, the Jew hastened to give notice to the authorities, that he might be apprehended; but after some time, as nothing could be heard of the supposed runaway, it was imagined that he had drowned himself in a fit of sullenness, and no more was thought about him. In the mean while I continued to work there as before, and as I had the charge of every thing I had no doubt but that, some day or another, I should find means of quietly disposing of my inebriation.

The next spring, I was busy pumping off from one cask into the other, according to our custom, when the aga of the janissaries came in. He was a great wine-bibber, and one of our best customers. As his dependants were all well known, it was not his custom

to send them for wine, but to come himself to the store and select a pipe. This was carried away in a litter by eight strong slaves, with the curtains drawn close, as if it had been a new purchase which he had added to his harem. My master showed him the pipes of wine prepared for that year's market, which were arranged in two rows; and I hardly need observe that the one containing the Ethiopian was not in the foremost. After tasting one or two which did not seem to please him, the aga observed, "Friend Isachar, thy tribe will always put off the worst goods first, if possible. Now I have an idea that there is better wine in the second tier, than in the one thou hast recommended. Let thy Greek put a spile into that cask," continued he, pointing to the very one in which I had headed up the black slave. As I made sure that as soon as he had tasted the contents he would spit them out, I did not hesitate to bore the cask and draw off the wine, which I handed to him. He tasted it and held it to the light—tasted it again and smacked his lips—then turning to my master, exclaimed, "Thou dog of a Jew! wouldst thou have palmed off upon me vile trash, when thou hadst in thy possession wine which might be sipped with the Hours in Paradise?"

The Jew appealed to me if the pipes of wine were not all of the same quality; and I confirmed his assertion.

"Taste it, then," replied the aga, "and then taste the first which you recommended to me."

My master did so, and was evidently astonished. "It certainly has more body," replied he; "yet how that can be, I know not. Taste it, Charis—I held the glass to my lips, but nothing could induce me to taste the contents. I contented myself with agreeing with my master, (as I most conscientiously could, "that it certainly had more body in it than the rest.")

The aga was so pleased with the wine, that he tasted two or three more pipes of the back tier, hoping to find others of the same quality, probably intending to have laid in a large stock; but finding no other of the same flavor, he ordered his slaves, to roll the one containing the body of the slave into the litter, and carried it to his own house."

"Stop a moment, thou lying Kafir!" said the Pacha, "dost thou really mean to say that the wine was better than the rest?"

"Why should I tell a lie to your sublime Highness—no! I not a worm that you may crush? As I informed you, I did not taste it, your Highness; but after the aga had departed, my master expressed his surprise at the excellence of the wine, which he affirmed to be superior to any thing that he had ever tasted—and his sorrow that the aga had taken away the cask, which prevented him from ascertaining the cause. But one day I was narrating the circumstance to a Frank in this country, who expressed no surprise at the wine being improved. He had been a wine-merchant in England, and he informed me that it was the custom there to throw large pieces of raw beef into the wine to feed it; and that some particular wines were very much improved thereby."

"Allah Karim! God is great!" cried the Pacha—"Then it must be so—I have heard that the English are very fond of beef!"

#### A STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

"Among the friends I acquired during my residence at Constantinople, there was nobody I valued so much and with whom I passed so much time as Mr. C. Z., a native of the place, descended from an American family, and informed by travel and the constant society of the better class of Franks that frequent Pera. The following details I gleaned almost entirely from him, and he is himself the fond, devoted father—the hero of his own tale. Madame W—, his daughter, had been some two or three years married to an Englishman attached to our Consular establishment at Constantinople, and was recently the happy mother of a lovely infant. A father might be partial, but his praises of his daughter's beauty, and talent, and goodness of heart, I have often heard confirmed by others; and all who had known Madame W— seemed to preserve the most affectionate and admiring recollections of her. She must, indeed, have been one of those gentle beings we occasionally hear of, in our passage through life, whose names are never mentioned without eliciting emotion and melancholy regret—who seem to be in a portion of the heart of every speaker, and of whom it is constantly said, "Ah! if you had known her!" One evening that Madame W— was entertaining her sisters and other near relations and some friends at Pera, she felt of a sudden seriously indisposed. The plague was known to be in Constantinople, but it was not raging to any great extent, and had scarcely crossed the Golden Horn to the Christian suburb. So little did the party apprehend that the dread malady was among them, that they nearly all felt her pulse, and came in the closest contact with her. She cut in for a game at whist, and when the family party broke up, she shook hands with all her friends, and embraced her father and her sisters. That night her fever increased, and the next morning as daylight broke into the room, and allowed her to see, Madame W— discovered a small dark red spot about the joint of the hand. She knew the fatal token, but she said not a word to her husband, who was sleeping at her side; she took her little girl that was lying on her bosom, and placed it in a cradle, and then waited until such time as she could send for her father.

When Mr. C. Z. entered the room she was

alone. She mournfully held up her hand, and he saw with horror the plague spot on her wrist. Still, however, there was a hope that it might not be the plague—a feeble hope indeed, but it served to cheer him, as he took the sad road to the dwelling of one of those professors who are called Plague Doctors, and who by constant practice are supposed to be able to detect the malady in its earliest stages. The doctor soon came to her bedside, and filled the hearts of all the household with consternation by declaring that Madame W— had indeed the plague. No sooner had the word passed his lips than every body turned to flee—the servants, who were Christians of Pera, and far from feeling the indifference to the plague and the conviction of fatalism common to the Turks, would not stay another moment in the house, and her husband, who was almost petrified with fear, was among the first to leave the perilous spot. As the noble-hearted woman, who had borne the doubt and the conviction that she was attacked by the fatal malady with the courage of a heroine, saw this desertion, and that her infant daughter too was taken away, her strength of heart failed her, and while burning tears came to her eyes, she said to her father who stood close to her, hanging over her with an expression of anguish on his countenance,—"*Tout le monde m'abandonne, mon père! mais vous ne m'abandonnez pas!*"—*Jamais, ma fille!* was the answer of the parent, who had not a thought to give to his own safety, but who, as he spoke, embraced his darling, suffering child, and caught her infectious breath on his lips. By this time the house was cleared by all save the father and daughter, the plague doctor, and an old Turk, who, fortified by the predestinarian doctrines of the Koran, volunteered his services and attendance on the sick, whom no Frank in Pera would have approached for a mine of wealth—whom husband, sisters, brother—all the nearest and dearest connections abandoned—all, but her good old father!"

In declaring Madame W—'s disorder to be the plague, the doctor had remarked that it did not seem the most virulent class of that disorder—that it was rather what he termed "*la peste benigne*," but unfortunately before the malady was ascertained, she had been copiously bled by a European practitioner. I say unfortunately, because it seems to be established that nothing is more prejudicial in plague cases than the use of the lancet—and her poor father was always of opinion that had she not been bled she would have recovered.

When the bubo broke out on her arm, her devoted parent bathed it with his own hands, and even when it had burst, entirely regardless of his own life or death he dressed the festering, revolting wound; whilst she was burning with the most horrid fever, and writhing with pain, he often supported her in his arms, and her aching head would recline on his bosom, and her breath, hot as the vapour from an oven, would mingle with his. But yet he caught not the infection.

Frequently did the affectionate young woman express her fears that her dear father would be seized with the fatal disorder—frequently did she entreat him earnestly to leave her to her fate; and as long as she retained her reason, she testified her sense of his truly paternal affection and devotedness in words whose recollection seldom failed to make her stout-hearted friend's eyes overflow with tears. But it was most pitiable when the heat that raged at her brain destroyed her fine intellect, and she remained either mute as in a lethargy, or uttered words void of meaning, or sentences of the wildest and most confused import. The predominant object in the mind and heart of the young mother was her infant daughter, and at times she would implore in a tone the most piteous, that they would restore her child. At other moments she would clasp her arms over her scorching breast, as though she held the little cherub in her arms, and her parched lips would move as though she blessed it. Sometimes her haggard eye, as it glared across the apartment, seemed to be filled with imaginary objects, and she would smile or frown as these fantasies of her diseased brain were agreeable or otherwise. Meanwhile her afflicted father, whom now she could not even know much less recognize his fond unwearied cares of her scarcely left her bedside for a moment, but sat some times with her burning hand in his, sometimes gazing fixedly on the form of his darling daughter that might almost be seen consuming itself away like a statue of wax before a glowing fire. The old Turkish menial went and came, and supplied him with that food which he could hardly be said to taste in the bitterness of his grief, and which he scarcely would have thought of himself. My friend always described the nights he thus passed, as something most awful. Every thing would be still in Pera and the adjoining suburbs of Tophana and Galata—so still, so silent the sick room that the breathing of his dying child was dreadfully audible; and when this silence was interrupted by the barking of some of those innumerable dogs that stray about Constantinople without any master, and with whatever home the corners of the streets or the ruins of houses may afford them; or when the Beckdji, or Turkish watchman, going his round, struck at intervals the stone pavement of the streets with his club which is always heavily loaded with an iron ferule, and the hollow noise echoed through the long, narrow, dark street of Pera, the sounds only served to render deeper still, and more grave-like, the solemn silence that succeeded them. The tall white minarets of the mosque of Tophana were immediately below the house, and visible from Madame W—'s chamber. They rose stark in the deep blue sky of night, like sheeted ghosts, and in addition to the sounds I have



mentioned as interrupting at intervals the solemn silence, there proceeded from them, at the Moslem's hours of prayer, the low, impressive chaunt of the Muezzin, which, and more particularly at the midnight Ezan,\* at the stillly hour of darkness and sleep, broke on the ear like a voice from another world. At these summonses to prayer, the poor old Turk, who was always near at hand, and who had contracted a reverence and affection for the Christian that so loved his daughter, would retire to a corner of the room and humbly his devotions. It might be that the Christian father and daughter were included in those prayers—but it was not the will of Providence that Madame W— should be restored to health and to her fond father, whose life seemed to depend upon hers.

I believe it was on the fourth day of her dreadful malady that death released her from her sufferings. For some hours before the awful moment, her reason was restored, and though weak and faint, and with but the 'shadow of a sound' for her voice, she spoke composedly and most affectionately to her dear parent, who had grown pale, and thin, and haggard, in watching over his darling child. She recommended—and what is there on earth so sacred as the recommendation of a dying mother in behalf of her offspring?—she recommended her infant to the protection of her sisters; she spoke of the difficult and dangerous career of a girl deprived of a mother's care, and she hoped that her dear Marie would supply a mother's place. At intervals, when she saw her poor father bowed down with grief, she would make an attempt at composure and even gaiety; and her fine countenance would sparkle for a moment with its former vivacity, and her bright intellect still exercise that influence which when in health and happiness irradiated every society she frequented. It was after one of these efforts, that my friend, whose eyes were constantly fixed on her, saw a sudden change in her countenance—there was an awful something flashed over it—a flitting shadow of mystery and solemnity—the reflection of coming immortality—a something like the shade of a bird high up in the heavens cast on a deep and solitary lake. The fond father passionately grasped her hand as though by physical force he would prevent that spirit's eternal retreat. She fixed her large black eyes on his anxious face, and muttered—

"Je meurs." This was then heard her attenuated waist; he clasped her closer to his bosom—he grasped her hand still firmer; a gentle pressure—so gentle that it would scarcely have discomposed the down on a feather—returned the paternal pressure, and she breathed forth her soul in his embrace, and her pale, cold face fell like marble upon the now desolate bosom of her father.

From the first disclosure of her disorder—from the first moment when on entering that room which he had scarcely ever left since for an instant, she had silently raised her hand and showed the small, darkened spot on her wrist—he had felt that his child must die; for days and sleepless nights he had watched the approaches of death which he had every hour seen coming nearer and nearer, and more rapidly; the voice of hope had long been mute in his affectionate heart; the grave was before his eyes; but now that she was dead, he could not comprehend how it could be—how she, who but now, breathed, and spoke, and looked love and life, should be an inanimate, cold, cold mass—how she, his own flesh and blood, should be senseless to his caresses and his despair—how she, so exquisitely sensitive in body as in mind, should now feel no more than the couch on which she reclined, or the wooden floor on which he trod. But she was dead! and all was over! As long as the light of life flickered in the socket, though void of hope, he could find occupation; and it was a relief to his fond and aching heart to busy himself about the person of his child—to administer her medicine or her nutriment, to smooth her bed, to raise her in his arms, to support her on his bosom, to press her burning, bursting forehead with his hands, and to render, which he did alone, the every office of a nurse to his daughter—but now he had nothing to do, no service to render, no exertion to make; a fearful void had fallen upon his heart, and he could only groan in impotent despair! But there was yet one office to perform—there was yet another and the last—the last he could render on earth! and when the old Turk brought into the room the coffin which had been procured for the 'mortal coil,' the all that remained of so much beauty, and intelligence, and moral worth, the devoted father took the disfigured form of his child in his arms—in the affectionate arms in which she had breathed her last, and himself laid her in that coffin, which he closed and secured with his own hands.

In the countries of the East, even when there is no plague raging, interment rapidly follows dissolution. On the evening of the day of her death, Madame W— was carried to the Frank burying-ground above the extensive cypress-grove, the Turkish cemetery of Pera, than which, with its views of the rapid phosphorus that laves the foot of that hill, of the sea of Marmora, with its group of islands, and occasional glimpses at sun-set of the Bythinian Olympus, there can scarcely be a fairer spot on earth. Some few attached friends who had been apprized of the melancholy event, attended at the place of interment, to render their last testimonials of respect to a most amiable woman—and though they could not come in contact with him, they spoke words of condolence and comfort to the bereaved father, as he arrived slowly following on foot the remains of his daughter. Among

these gentlemen was Mr. C—, the British Consul-General, an old and dear friend of Mr. Z—. When the coffin was lowered into the narrow grave—as the first earth was thrown on the coffin, which returned that hollow sound—the most awful and desolating the ear of affection can hear—this dear friend renewed his offices of consolation. Up to this moment the fond father had borne himself with astonishing firmness and composure: by the dying bed—by the lifeless body of his child, he had not let a tear escape him; in danger and death he had done all that man could do, and the feelings of nature—a parent's feelings—had been controlled by the stoicism of a man whose lot it had been to drink his full share from the ever brimming bowl of human calamities; but now that familiar and friendly voice of Mr. C—, added to the effect of the desolating sounds from the disappearing coffin, unnerved him completely; the strength of heart and of head gave way before them, and with a cry of anguish, and a momentary access of insanity, the father rushed from his daughter's grave, and ran towards the Turkish cemetery, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. His friend, however, had every care taken of him: one of Mr. C—'s Janissaries followed him, and after the first burst of nature, easily induced him to return to Pera, where he was obliged to condemn himself to a lonely and sorrowful quarantine, ere he could seek alleviation to his sorrows in the bosom of his remaining family, or the society of his friends.

When I was in Turkey, some three or four years had passed since this sad case of plague, and the infant of Madame W— had survived, and grown to a lovely little girl, who was often my pet companion. But not only did the child who was sleeping on her mother's bosom, and my friend Z— who received her mother's dying breath, escape the dreadful contagion, but all those relatives and friends who had been with Madame W—, and in close contact with her, when of a certainty she had the plague upon her, were equally exempt from the contagion.

This was in every way a striking case; it was held by many who had no pretensions to medical science, as a proof of the non-contagion of the plague, and strongly assumed as such by a scientific man, the late Dr. M'Lean, who devoted much of his time, and finally lost his life, in endeavours to ascertain the real nature of this destructive and most mysterious disorder. But Dr. M'Lean was guilty of an important omission, for in writing an account of Madame W—'s case, he never mentioned that a Greek servant girl some weeks after caught the plague in the chamber in which she had died, and followed her mistress to the grave—Mr. Madden, who was at Constantinople at the time, and acquainted with the family, and who has mentioned the case in his book of Travels, says, that 'several weeks after Madame W—'s death, when two servants were sent to open the apartment, which had been closed, and to remove the bedding, one of them, immediately on entering, complained of the closeness of the chamber; next day she had plague, and died in some few days;' but Mr. W—, the husband of the unfortunate lady, added to me, in reference to the Greek girl, that, fatigued by the labours she had undergone in opening and purifying the house, and oppressed by the heat of the day, she had thrown herself down and reposed some time on the mattress on which her mistress had expired. In cases like these, every accompanying circumstance, every detail, however minute, should be noted and given, and the additional fact stated by Mr. W— will not, perhaps, be considered unimportant.

The result of my enquiries into the history of the plague at Constantinople and elsewhere, would certainly go generally to confirm the remarks with which Mr. Madden closes the case of Madame W—: 'This is one of the many proofs—the alludes, of course, to Mr. Z— her father—I have had of the influence of the mind over this disease. In no other complaint is this influence so marked. The man who is apprehensive of contagion is always the first to take this disease: fear is the predisposing cause of plague; bad living and bodily debility are the proximate causes of the susceptibility of pestilence. I have always observed that those who were most deeply interested in the patient's fate—his father, mother, or wife, and who were constantly by his bed-side—were seldom attacked; while the servants and strangers, who entered the room now and then, were generally infected.' Yet, after this assertion of the prevalence of mind and affection, Mr. Madden is obliged to subjoin that he has known many Turkish houses in Constantinople which have been shut up after the death of every individual within their walls; this also has been pointed out to me at Smyrna as well as at the capital; and I have noted, that the houses that had been so desolated, were nearly without an exception the houses of Turks, who take no precautions against the plague, and can hardly be said to be possessed of the predisposing cause of fear.

\* At Therapia, a village on the Propontis, I was shown a little Greek girl who had been taken from suckling at her mother's breast, whilst she had the plague in full activity. The mother died of the disorder, which never attacked the infant!

#### DAVID WILLIAMS.

ONE OF THE CAPTIVES OF MAJOR ANDRE.

The recent decrease of the list of the little band that has secured an imperishable name by its service

[\* This article has been in type since the week we announced the death of Mr. W.]

to the United States, in thwarting the treason of Arnold, will give interest to a brief account of Williams, and to his narrative of the occurrences that gave protection to his country, and fame and honour to himself. We abridge the account from a letter published last autumn in the Albany D. Advertiser.

"During a late visit to New York, I had the gratification of an introduction and of several interviews with David Williams, the only survivor of the three militia-men who arrested Major Andre. He is now [nearly] 77 years of age; of good appearance, with a healthy and somewhat florid countenance, and was in his youth, no doubt, what would be called handsome; rather thickset, and measured, I should suppose, when erect, about five feet eight inches; but now, owing to the rheumatism, he stoops much. He walks quite lame, leaning on a cane which was presented to him, and which was made from the wood of the *cheval de frise* placed by the Americans, in the Revolution, near West Point, to prevent the British vessels from ascending the river.

I spent several hours with him at different times in New York, sometimes alone and sometimes in large companies, and there are few men with whom I take more pleasure than I did with him. He is a man of very general information, and has evidently been a steady and close reader of newspapers. He has a thorough knowledge of all the political events which have occurred in the world for many years. With the politics of this country, generally, and with that of this state particularly, he is well acquainted.

While I was with him, I saw him introduced to a large number who had called to see him, and I was pleased at the easy and happy manner in which he received them.

Williams wears at his breast a medal which was presented to him by Congress as a mark of his services in capturing Andre; this he exhibits with a laudable pride. Congress also granted him a pension of \$300 a year: a small compensation for the value of his services.

While he was in New York, the scholars of the Ninth Ward Public School presented him with an elegant silver pitcher, containing appropriate inscriptions. With this present he was exceedingly gratified; and I am told by those who were at the presentation, that the veteran's voice was almost inaudible, so much was he affected at this mark of youthful regard and gratitude.

The visit of Williams to the Metropolis, and his participating in the celebration of the glorious events which have occurred in France, have surely had a most happy and salutary effect in sustaining a love of country, and awakening lively feelings of pure and lofty patriotism in the hearts of thousands who saw him. The sight of him would cause their minds to recur to the days of gloom and of dependency, when a young and weak nation was manfully and almost hopelessly resisting the giant power of a kingdom which had never bowed before any; when a people, poor and harassed, with an army nearly without food, and often without clothing to keep them warm, and without shelter to protect them from the wintry blast, were contending against a power with whom gold was like dirt, and whose soldiers had every comfort and convenience which were required; and when one of our best generals, high in the confidence of Washington, and elevated in the esteem of his countrymen, forgetting his honour, and throwing from him his glory, basely bargained to sell himself to disgrace, and his country to ruin, for the possession of lucre and the gratification of private and unworthy revenge.

Their minds would then revert to the singular fact that three obscure and unknown young men, bound by their country by no tie except birth, but governed by that high and holy spirit of patriotism which can find lodgment only in pure hearts, firmly resisted offers far exceeding in value these which have tempted to infamy many, filling important places in their country's service.

The following brief history of the life of Williams, previous to the capture of Andre, and a detailed statement of that event, were written down as dictated by him, and give a more full account of himself and of the capture, than has ever been published. It was read to him after it was written, and he certified to its correctness. His own language is preserved as near as might be:—

"I was born in Tarrytown, then called Phillips Manor, Westchester Co., New York, 1754. I entered the army 1775, at the age of 21, and was under General Montgomery at the taking of Fort St. John's, and afterwards on board of flat-bottomed boats, to carry provisions, &c.; served out my time, which was six months; I then went home, listed again in the spring of 1776, and continued in the service by different enlistments, as a N. York militiaman, until 1779.

In 1778, when in Captain Acker's company of New York militia at Tarrytown, I asked his permission to take a walk, in company with William Van Wart, a boy about sixteen or seventeen years old. I proceeded to the cross roads on Tompkins' ridge, stood looking a few minutes, and saw five men coming; they had arms: we jumped over a stone fence, and concealed ourselves in a corner of it; observed that they were armed with two muskets and three pistols. They came so nigh that we recognized two of them, viz. William Underhill and William Mosher, who were known to be of De Lancey's corps, who were Tories. When they came within proper distance, I said to my companion, 'Billy, neck or no joint?' I then said aloud, as if speaking to a number, will

the view of intimidating them, 'Men, make ready!' They stopped immediately: I told them to ground their arms—which they did: I then said, 'March away!' they did so: I then jumped over the fence, secured their arms, and made them march before us to our quarters. I continued in the service until a week or ten days before the year 1780.

In December, 1779, Captain Daniel Williams, who was the commander of our company, mounted us on horses and we went to Morrisania, Westchester county. We swept all Morrisania clear, took probably \$500 worth of property, returned to Tarrytown, and quartered at Young's house. My feet being frozen, my uncle Martinus Van Wart took me to his house. I told Capt. Williams that the enemy would be on his way to Morrisania before morning. He paid no attention to my remarks; he did not believe me; but in the course of the night a woman came to my uncle's, crying, 'Uncle Martinus! Uncle Martinus! the enemy are at Young's house!' which was the truth, as the British had surrounded it, made prisoners of all the company excepting two, and burnt the barn.

Having got well of my frozen feet, on the 3d of June, 1780, we were all driven from Tarrytown to the upper part of Westchester county, in the town of Salem. We belonged to no organised company at all; were under no command, and worked for our board on *Johnny Cake*. Isaac Van Wart, who was a cousin of mine, Nicholas Stern, and myself went to Tarrytown on a visit; we carried our muskets with us and on our way took a Quaker, who said he was going to New York after salt and other things. The Quaker was taken before the American authority and acquitted.

In July or August, a number of persons, of whom I was one, went to visit our friends in Tarrytown, and while on the way, took ten head of cattle, which some refugees were driving to New York, and on examination before the authority, the cattle were restored to their right owners. I then returned to Salem and worked with a Mr. Benedict for my board, until the 22d of September. It was about one o'clock P. M. as I was standing in the door with Mr. Benedict's daughter, (who was afterwards my wife) when I saw six men coming; she remarked, 'they have got guns.' I jumped over a board fence and met them. 'Boys,' said I, 'where are you going?' They answered, 'we are going to Tarrytown.' I then said, 'if you will wait until I get my gun, I will go with you.' The names of the persons were Isaac Van Wart, John Paulding, William Williams, John Yerks, and James Renner; the name of the sixth I have forgotten. We proceeded about fifteen miles that night, and slept in a hay barn.

In the morning we crossed Buttermilk hill, when John Paulding proposed to go to Isaac Reed's, and get a pack of cards to divert ourselves with. After procuring them, we went on to David's hill, where we separated; leaving four on the hill, and three, viz. Van Wart, Paulding and myself, proceeded on the Tarrytown road about one mile, and concealed ourselves in the bushes on the west side of the road, and commenced playing cards. We had not been playing more than an hour, when we heard a horse galloping across a bridge but a few yards from us; which of us spoke I do not remember, one of us said, 'there comes a trader, going to New York.' We stepped out from our concealment and stopped him. 'My lads,' said he, 'I hope you belong to our party.' We asked him 'what party?' he replied, 'the lower party.' We told him 'we did.' He then said, 'I am a British officer, have been up the country on particular business, and would not wish to be detained a minute' and as a token to convince us he was a gentleman, he pulled out and showed us his gold watch; we then told him we were Americans—'God bless my soul,' said he, 'a man must do anything these times to get along!' and then showed us Arnold's pass. We told him it would not satisfy us without searching him. 'My lads,' said he, 'you will bring yourselves into trouble.' We answered, 'We did not fear it,' and conducted him about seventy rods into the woods. My comrades appointed me to search him; commencing with his hat, I searched him, but found nothing, until I pulled off one of his boots when we discovered that something was concealed in his stocking. Paulding caught hold of his foot, and exclaimed, 'By —, here it is!' I pulled off his stocking, and inside of it, next the sole of his foot, found three half sheets of paper, enclosed in another half sheet, which was enclosed 'West Point'; and on pulling off the other boot and stocking, I found three like papers, enclosed and endorsed as the others. On reading them, one of my comrades said, 'By — he is a spy.' We then asked him where he got those papers; he told us, 'of a man at Pine's Bridge,' but he said he did not know his name. He offered us his gold watch, his horse, saddle, bridle and 100 guineas, if we would let him go; we told him 'no'; but he must inform us where he got the papers.' He answered us as before, but increased his offer to 1000 guineas, his horse, &c.—we told him again, we would not let him go; he then said, 'gentlemen, I will give you 10,000 guineas and as many good goods as you will ask, conceal me in any place of safety, while you can send to New York with an order to Sir Henry Clinton from me, and the goods and money will be procured, so that you can get them unmolested.' We told him 'no, his offers were in vain, we were Americans and above corruption, and go with us he must.' We then took him about 12 miles to Col. Jamieson's quarters, at North Castle.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1851.

## CHANGING HUSBANDS.

As two ladies were coming out of one of our fashionable churches the other Sunday, they somehow or other had the misfortune, in the crowd, to change husbands—a mistake which, as both parties were going the same way, was not immediately discovered. Each of the ladies, as soon as she had got her gentleman by the arm, naturally began to talk with all her might in order to make up for the long silence she had been obliged to maintain while in church.

Mrs. A. addressing Mr. B. began—"My dear, what made you get asleep in the middle of the sermon? I am actually ashamed of your conduct."

"My conduct, my dear?" said Mr. B. "I'm sure I didn't get to sleep."

"Not get to sleep! How can you tell such a monstrous fib—and on a Sunday too? Didn't I have to jog you half a dozen times before I could wake you up?"

"By no means—I haven't been asleep to-day, my dear. Surely your thoughts must have been strangely wandering from the purposes of worship, to have taken such a fancy into your head. What made you imagine I was asleep?"

"Imagine, sir! there's no imagination in the case—it's all matter of fact. Why, man alive, you snored so loud as to wake up half the congregation; then you began to talk in your sleep, and if I hadn't waked you up just as I did, I don't know what would have been the consequence. Pish! pish! my dear, I'm really shocked at you."

"At me, Mrs. B. I shocked at me! I'd have you to know, Mrs. B.—"

"Mrs. B.! Who's Mrs. B.? Why the man is crazy. Let me tell you, Mr. A. this conduct is unbecoming—yes, Mr. A. I'll just inform you, Mr. A.—"

"Who the d—l is Mr. A.? Why, Mrs. B. you must be crazy instead of me."

By this time the gentleman and lady began to be mutually suspicious of the soundness of one another's intellects; and looking in each other's faces to confirm their suspicions, they at the same time discovered that each had got the wrong partner.

In the mean time Mrs. B. before she had got fairly over the threshold of the church, affectionately pressing the arm of Mr. A. began—"My dear, what a beautiful bonnet Mrs. Twitchell has got! Did you notice it?"

"No, I did not," replied Mr. A. "but I dare say it must be handsome, since you commend it; I always rely upon your taste, you know. By the by, my dear, what are you going to have for dinner?"

"Why, a piece of roast mutton."

"Roast mutton?" exclaimed Mr. A. turning up his nose—"I'd as lief eat a piece of a tom-cat. I never could endure roast mutton—the only decent way of cooking mutton is to boil it, and set it on the table with plenty of drawn butter and parsley."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. B. somewhat contemptuously, "where did you learn all this knowledge of cookery, my dear?"

"Where did I learn it! Why, haven't I always told you, my dear, never to roast mutton? I'm surprised you should be so obstinate."

"And I'm surprised you should mention this subject now—really it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it."

"The first time!"

"It is, indeed—but we won't dispute about a piece of mutton in the streets. Oh! what a charming bonnet that was of Mrs. Twitchell's! I do wish, my dear, you'd get me such a one."

"Certainly, if you insist upon it—but where are you going? This is not our house."

"Not ours! surely the man is beside himself!" With that Mrs. B. gave the bell a violent ring, and while she was waiting for the servant, she chanced to look round, and just then discovered that she had got the wrong man, and perceived also that he had got the wrong wife. They, of course, gave a mutual exclamation of surprise, and began to look about them for their legitimate partners, when presently up came the other odd couple. A hearty laugh now ensued; mutual apologies took place; a re-exchange was effected; and Mrs. A. departed with her husband to her own home. But the different parties, it is said, were not a little chagrined at the exposure of their particular follies, which took place in the conversation above related.

DE VERE. We are informed by Mr. Wm. Stoddart that he has in press and will shortly publish, *De Vere or the Men of Independence*—a novel now out of print.

## SELECT NOVELS—ANASTASIS.

It seems to us, that in publishing a series of works called *select*, there cannot properly enter into it any that have not undergone the test of mature public opinion. Hence new works, though they come from the pens of distinguished authors, should not come into the selection. Every thing, which even a great writer may produce, is not worthy of republication—and especially in a series of books claiming the character of select; and by that character, or course, offering themselves to the world as something superior to the common run of publications.

Years are usually required to fix the character of any book. The most funny work may be popular for a time; may be talked of and praised in all the circles of chit-chat; and pulled in all the periodicals of the day—and yet drop into oblivion at no very distant period. Another work may be little read and little praised for a time; and yet in the end rise into certain and enduring favor. In the first case, the over-praised work is forgotten, because it is of little value; in the last, the work, which was temporarily overlooked, at length acquires a good name, because it is a work of merit. It is plain, then, that no new book should have a place in a library professing to be select. It must be tried by time, and receive the stamp of cool and unbiassed approbation.

We are led to these remarks in reference to Harpers' Library of Select Novels. The VII. and VIII. numbers of that series are considered as being very judiciously selected. Anastasis had received the necessary test of years, and a republication was demanded. It is no novel of the every day stamp; and is very far above the *Pellissiers*, the *Young Dukes*, and other works of a similar class. It has a vein of cool satire, resembling that of Smollett or Le Sage; and is rendered highly valuable by a description of the manners and customs of the East gathered from the author's travels and observations in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, &c. &c.—We shall give two or three extracts.

The following account of a night attack, showing the exceeding prowess and wonderful knowledge in navigation of the Eastern mariners, is very amusing. Anastasis was on a voyage to Alexandria:—

"On the second day of our departure Castellosso came in sight. We were just going to double the most advanced promontory of the island, and to cast anchor for the night behind the projecting cliffs, when on our last tack there suddenly appeared ahead of us, close in with the shore, a long dark object of suspicious form, though the dusk prevented our discerning its precise nature. It lay on the water as still as a rock, but it bore all the appearance of being filled to the brim with life. In fact, it seemed to be neither more nor less than a pirate-boat of most respectable size, lying close to surprise us. At this sight our *caravakins*\* grew as pale as a ghost; and all the crew showed equal signs of courage. 'A bad way this,' cried I, 'to meet danger! The pirates cannot see more of us than we do of them; let us try at least what a show of resolution may effect.' And thereupon I got the swivels pointed, every pistol cracker put in requisition, our whole artillery brought upon deck, and every preparation made for a warm engagement. The moment we thought ourselves within musket-shot of the enemy I gave the signal for firing. 'If the compliment produce nothing else,' thought I, 'it will at least make the scoundrels turn out and show their size and strength.' Off went our first volley, and after it every eye; expecting immediately to see the hostile galley in the utmost bustle. On the contrary, she stirred not an inch; and so far from changing her position, deigned not even to return our salute. Half surprised and half piqued, we repeat our fire. It is no more noticed than the first. Still more amazed, we give a third broadside. Even this makes no impression. But with the seeming shyness of the enemy, our own bravery rises. We approached near enough to be quite sure of our artillery bearing, and a fourth time discharged every gun into the hostile deck. Still she remained as motionless and silent as ever; and we continued incessantly firing, without the smallest retaliation or stir on the part of our antagonist, until, by degrees, this very impossibility of the enemy began to alarm us more even than the utmost fury of retort could have done. For we now perceived ourselves under the influence of some spell: we supposed that we beheld nothing but an unsubstantial vision; we became convinced that we were fighting only with the phantom of a ship; which presently would either vanish and draw us with irresistible force after it into the fatal vortex, or explode with a dreadful crash, and bury us under its wide-spreading wreck. As, however, neither happened, and the vessel seemed equally little inclined to rise or to sink, we at last adopted the only plausible conjecture left us, namely, that the very few men which she contained had all been killed or disabled by our very first broadside. We therefore contented ourselves

with keeping up a slack fire during the remainder of the night; proposing, as soon as the dawn appeared, to board her, in order to divide the spoil, and remove the dead bodies.

"The dawn at last certainly did appear, though much later than usual; and to our straining eyes showed in the object of the whole night's tremendous fighting—at the expense of all our powder and ball—a small rock in the sea, which from the peculiarity of its shape actually bears the name of the Galley. We agreed to say nothing about our smart engagement with it. But our modesty was, in spite of our caution, put to the blush. The whole island of Castel-rosso had been alarmed by the incessant firing; every part of the shore was lined with spectators, eager to witness the combat; and the moment we landed, all the inhabitants crowded round us, and in loud congratulations wished us joy of having silenced the enemy!"

During the Fast of Ramadan, which continues for one month, Mahometans are forbidden to eat, drink, or smoke, from sunrise to sunset. But as the strict observance of this institution is not very agreeable to the inner man, some of the followers of the Prophet contrive to cheat the devil in the following manner:—

"Sometimes a demure Moslemia may be seen looking anxiously round on all sides, to ascertain that he is not watched. The moment he thinks himself unobserved, he turns the corner of some of the Christian streets of Pera or Galata, and ascends the infidel hill. Led on, as it were, by mere listlessness from one turn to another, the gentleman still advances, until perverse chance brings him just opposite a confectioner's or pastry-cook's shop. From sheer absence of mind he makes steps in, but he says nothing. Allah forbid! He only from pure curiosity examines various eatables laid out on the counter. He handles, he weighs them, he asks their names, their price, and their ingredients. What is this? what do you call that? where does the other come from? Thus discoursing to while away time, he by little and little reaches the inner extremity of the shop; and finding himself at the entrance of the recess, in which by mere accident happens to have been set out, as if in readiness for some expected visitor, a choice collation of all that can recruit an exhausted stomach—he enters in from mere thoughtlessness, and without the least intention. Without the least intention also the pastry-cook, the moment he sees his friend slunk into the dainty closet, turns upon him the key of the door, and slips it into his pocket. Perhaps he even goes out on a message, and half an hour or so elapses ere he remembers his unaccountable forgetfulness. He however at last recollects his prisoner, who all the while would have made a furious outcry, but has abstained lest he should be suspected of having gone in for the purpose of tasting the forbidden fruit. The Greek unlocks the door with every expression of apology and regret; the Turk walks out in high dudgeon, severely rebukes the vender of cakes, and returns home weaker with inanition than ever. But when the pastry-cook looks into his recess to put things in order, he finds, by a wonderful piece of magic, the pies condensed into piastres, and the sugar-plums transformed into sequins."

We will close our extracts with a striking description of the SAMUEL—or hurricane of the Arabian Desert:

"Our caravan was slowly pacing through the boundless plain—the horses' steps sounding more hollow than usual on the earth, and a more awful stillness reigning in the atmosphere. Suddenly a lurid glare overspread the eastern extremity of the horizon, while a thick sulphureous mist arose from the ground in rapid eddies—next mounted up to the sky, and finally overcast with threatening darkness the whole vault. At these terrific symptoms our Arabs turned pale, and goaded on our cattle with headlong fury—in order, if possible, still to outrun the baleful blast. But in vain! Hoarsely murmuring, the hot stream swept the ground with frightful speed, and, much as we might quicken our pace, gained fast upon us. Perceiving themselves encompassed on all sides by its fiery breath, our people shivered with terror, our very cattle howled with instinctive anguish, and all that had life fell flat on the ground, burying nose and mouth deep in the shifting sands—in hopes that the envenomed current, gliding over the prostrate limbs, might not penetrate into the vitals."

"Near half an hour did the raging hurricane keep us thus rivetted to the ground, without daring to move, or to speak, or scarce to draw breath, and soon entirely covered us with a fine impalpable dust, which, not only found its way into every fold of our garments, but, as we afterward found, into every inmost recess of our boxes and baggage—when at last our heasts of burden, as if awaking out of a profound trance, began to shake themselves, and, by all again of one accord rising upon their legs, gave the signal that the

danger was past. Every creature now stood up that was able, and thanked Providence for his escape. Only one member of the caravan, a foreign merchant—too tardy perhaps in prostrating himself before an unknown enemy—rose no more. On approaching, we already found him breathless, and weltering in the thick black blood that gushed in streams from his nose, mouth, and ears. My guides lost no time in committing his corrupt mass to the earth, rethelms should detach themselves from the swelling trunk: then heaped some stones over the spot, to protect it from the insults of the ounce and jackal, and—these short rites and simple monument completed—again proceeded onwards."

TALKATIVE WOMEN. A great many hard hits have been levelled by our unconsconable sex against females on account of their talkative disposition. But certainly with very great injustice—if it be true, as related in Jewish legend, that Eve picked up eleven baskets full of chit-chat, while Adam—the lazy loon—only gathered one. For it is evident in this case, that women are fairly entitled to talk eleven times as much as men.

But to say nothing of this ancient warrant for females talkativeness, it is a most convenient, if not necessary thing. It saves the men a great deal of wear and tear of tongue—to say nothing of conscience. A silent woman would be positively insufferable, except on certain occasions, when talking could not well be done without interrupting more important business. A man could scarcely exist in female society, were he compelled to do one-half or two-thirds of all the talking. He would soon get tired of the effort; he would be sensible of his injustice in railing against female talkers; and shortly, acknowledging his fault, implore them to resume a task so much exceeding his poor abilities.

MAKING MONEY RAPIDLY. "I have made one thousand dollar this morning, before breakfast," said a Frenchman who kept a retail shop in Boston.

"A thousand dollars before breakfast!" said a neighbor, with a dubious air.

"Out—yes, sure," returned the Frenchman, rubbing his hands with great glee—"I have clear one thousand dollar clear."

"You've sold all your goods then."

"O non! Sarc, I have not sell one good—I have all de good in my shop."

"How did you clear so much money then?"

"I have mark de good all up."

"Marked them all up!"

"Out, Monsieur, I have put on de high price, so as make clear one thousand dollar, and keep all my good in my shop."

A LENGTHY PEAR.—The Albany Argus tells a story of Vergaloo Pear, raised in that city, *seven and a half inches long*. Query, friend of the hundred eyes, do you say this on your affidavit? We will tell you a bit of a story—which perhaps you have heard before—of an Irishman's pears. He was always boasting of the mighty big pears which they raised in old Ireland, and especially of a particular kind which he called the Jukes. There was nothing equal to 'em in Ameriky at all at all. Well—one day, in order to come paddy over the Irishman, a gentleman, fastened to the top limbs of one of his pear trees several middling sized gourds, so nicely that they seemed to be the actual produce of the tree. He then took the Irishman into his garden to show him his pears, which he told him he thought must be quite equal to any they had in Ireland. Paddy examined them with an eye of wonder, and declared upon his soul they were very extraordinary pears, for Ameriky—and indeed the biggest he ever set his two eyes upon—excepting the Jukes.

AFRICAN COLLEGE. The citizens of New-Haven declare positively they will not be garrisoned with a black college. They apprehend it would be injurious to their white one. Well—there is doubtless room elsewhere; and a more retired location would be quite as well for the institution. We are not among those who believe that black people, any more than the white ones, will be spoiled by a good education. Learning has a tendency to soften and humanize the heart. A man of great acquisitions is seldom the very wickedest of men. Even a learned pig is the more civil for his learning; and a learned bear is decidedly more bearable for being well taught.

BALTIMORE MINERVA. Our friend Hewitt has retired from the editorship of the Baltimore Minerva—with the intention of devoting himself to his other profession—of Music. We hope his notes will prove as powerful as those of Orpheus—not however so as to draw houses and trees after him—but merely to draw other notes out of other people's pockets into his own.

\* Caravakins.

\* The market of the Eastern &amp; Constantinople.



**LOWELL JOURNAL.** A daily paper, of a small size, is now issued from the office of the Lowell Journal, and the weekly paper made up from its pages. Mr. C. Parry is the editor—formerly, we believe, of the Rutland Herald; more recently of the Horn of the Green Mountains; and later still of the Vermont Palladium. He has at last got into the "Brumagem" of America; and, we hope, has brought his wit to a good market. He handles that instrument with excellent grace; and cuts away with such keenness and dexterity, that his political opponents, however much they may dislike the effects, cannot but say they are produced in a very workmanlike manner.

**DUTCH AND BELGIAN WAR.** By the last accounts the Dutch troops had entered Belgium; and there would have been some hard fighting if the Belgians had not taken to their heels. King Leopold, who fought well against Napoleon and his myrmidons, did what he could to rouse the spirit of his cowardly subjects; and came so near being killed, that the bullet merely mistook his horse for him. In the course of two or three days his Dutch Majesty was well nigh master once more of Belgium; when the French and English interfered and put a stop to the war.

**CAUSE OF THE POLLS.** We understand the haters in this city, and generally throughout the country, have manifested a very lively interest in the condition of the Polls; and are ready and willing—nay forward—to do all they can for their comfort and convenience.

**PETER TURNER,** a Revolutionary Pensioner, was killed, in Albany on Saturday last, by an Essence Pedlar who was intoxicated.

**YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL.** The twelfth number of Mrs. Spencer's Magazine, published monthly in Baltimore, has been handed us by a friend. Though we have seen an occasional number, we have not noticed it before, for two reasons. In the first place, the editors did not send it to us; and in the second place, we did not think so well of the former specimens as of the present. But we have had a mind to suppress even this notice, because we perceive a parcel of old editorial puffs printed on the cover of the Magazine—and this, should it be complimentary, might share the same fate. It is a vile practice, this puffing one's self through other people's rumps.

Now for a word by way of commendation. The number before us is very creditable indeed. The articles are generally written with sprightliness and vigor; and if the work continues to improve, it will be decidedly a favorite with the public. This number contains a fine engraving of Hamilton's Monument, accompanied with a sketch of the life and the closing scene of that great man. Among the contributors to the work, are Mrs. Sigourney, and other writers of established reputation.

**DANGER FROM FALSE WHISKERS.** A very fine gentleman was arrested in this city on Wednesday, suspected of a robbery committed the night before, chiefly on the ground of his wearing false whiskers. The circumstance was certainly very suspicious; and had not the gentleman proved an *alibi*, he must have gone to Bridewell.

We find it absolutely necessary to curtail the most overgrown exchange list, and such as may not receive our paper in exchange after this date will attribute it solely to this consideration.

For the Constellation.

ZACHARIAH GOOSE.

There is a fire that burns and sparkles  
In men, as naturally as in charcoals.

*Madrigal, Canto I.*

Friend Butler was right, when he said so. Every son of Adam must confess the truth of this classic, his chattering, this "charcoal" couplet. Even Vulcan, the great prototype of coalmongers, never dared to deny it in the presence of Mademoiselle Venus—for fear of having his ears boxed by that sweet young lady, who, if old Homer does not tell us a great fib, very often saluted her loving spouse in that conjugal style.

But now for a sentimental story for my sentimental motto:—

Zachariah Goose was a journeyman tailor. Nay, dear reader—do not turn up the whites of your eyes. Hear me out, I beg you. Tailors make as good heroes as any one else. Besides, you know, we authors must be humored a little.

But before I proceed with this facetious history, I beg leave to premise the remark, that I may, in some instances, for the sake of brevity, abridge the baptismal name of Zachariah into homely Zach—a liberty which was taken long before me, and with much better names. *Par exemple*—Do we not know that the illustrious Bonaparte had his cognomen most unceremoniously curtailed by the irreverent, into the vulgar, homespun appellation, "Bony?" So a word to the wise, &c. &c.

To resume. Not a youth in the village could compete with our hero in the way of his profession, nor was there a damsel in it, who did not put on a most gracious smile whenever the peerless Zach was near. But this was not all. Scarcely a day elapsed, but he received some token of affection from the fair. Presents in the shape of apple-puddings, buckwheat cakes and pumpkin pies were showered on him in such profusion, as to keep his gastronomic powers in constant employment. Riddles, conundrums and puzzles, generally of amatory import, were often concealed in these charitable donations, so that his mind was far from being unemployed, while his masticators were performing their functions!

Now be it known, that at the time when this veracious narrative commences, the much-favored tailor's heart had already remained impregnable to the attacks of Cupid for two long years, and that not a single maiden was able to inspire him "avec la grande passion," either by the choiceness of her catalogues, or the battery of her glances, during all that time. But let it not be supposed, that this was owing to any natural apathy on his part. Were it so, he would be the first hero of his kind since the deluge. The sequel, I trust, will prove, that he was neither indifferent to the multitudinous attractions of the feminine world, nor had, in the least, any aversion to the holy state of matrimony. The truth is—for out it must—Mr. Goose, though young, was much wiser than the animal whose name he bore—being one of those prudent mortals, who—to use a common expression—always look before they leap. He had revolved in his mind all the "pomp and circumstance" of marriage—the hiring of a house, and—of furniture to supply it—the maintaining of children—the procuring of nurses, &c. &c. &c., and finally came to the conclusion, that his purse was not deep enough for the experiment! This ungallant decision he, however, kept buried within the recesses of his heart, probably apprehending that if he divulged it, the thermometer of female benevolence would sink with the most dismal rapidity. For two years—as I stated above—did he reap the fruits of his wisdom. Yes! for two years were his physical powers daily renovated by the products of the oven and the trophies of culinary science, and his mind edified by the love-inspiring "jeu d'esprit" which never failed to accompany them.

One fair sunny afternoon, when the scorching solar ray made each swain puff and blow like another Eolus; when heaven's vast canopy was hung with curtains of azure hue; when hilarity or repose engaged the many or the weary; when the swine lay supine all in one line along the well-replenished gutters; when the kine fat and fine did bellow forth their mellifluous harmony; when snap and trap, and the whole canine line rambled about the gay meadows, demonstrating their satisfaction by the wagging of their tails!—I say, when all this was going on—an urchin, whose complexion outshone that of the blackest pot in chertendons, and whose vocation was no less than the ascension and purification of chimneys—a trade of so aerial a character, that all others, in comparison with it, are unspeakably low—accosted our cavalier of the thimble, and on ascertaining his name, handed him a letter, on which the print of the bearer's fingers was painfully visible—answering no doubt all the purposes of a post mark. Our Goose, by dint of hard spelling and conjectural decypheration, managed to read as follows.

"DEAR ZACH,—This is to inform, ye as how I've be goin too hav a partee too nite. I've suspect as how ye'll attend—so doant fole. Good bye Zach. SALL MUMPLEDEE."

On reading this elegant epistle (the Grecian purity of whose diction can only be compared to that of the following reply) our hero returned this answer:

"Sweethearted Sall,—I've received your noate with much pleasure. Yes, I did by Jack Bobinet. I guess sall, as how I've attend to a dead sartinty. Burn my sleeveboard, an I dout. Z. GOOSE."

This letter was formally sent to the damsel—after it had been duly stamped with the symbol of a thimble—by the hands of Jerry Nimble, the sweep.

But before I proceed, I ought, as a matter of course, briefly to introduce Miss Mumbledee to the reader. She was just on the other side of thirty—with red cheeks, red hair, and a red gown! These were not the sum total of her charms. Her form, too, was very attracting, being like that of a water crab—as broad as it is long. In addition to these natural advantages, she had received of very refined education from a maiden aunt of hers—so that she understood, how to hoe potatoes, plant onions, and make cider!—And now a word of her Pa. Her father pursued the same business as our Goose, although not with the same juvenile success. He had, however, by habits of sobriety and application, amassed as much property, as would have enabled him to retire from

\* Mem. There were no Corporation Ordinances against clean in those days.

his profession, and enjoy "otium cum dignitate." But nothing could persuade him to take this step, and whenever his friends urged him to it, he would reply, with a vow, that would not have discredited the lungs of Jupiter Olympius—"I've been born and bred a tailor, and I've be darned, if I've doesn't die a tailor!"

But to return. Phœbus had just popped below the horizon, and Mistress Luna was showing her silvery pliz with a vast deal of modesty. Our hero put on his long-tailed bombazet coat, especially reserved for Sundays; but this was an occasion on which he could not think of wearing any other. He flew like—now for a simile—like a ball out of the fiery mouth of a nine-pounder: he outstript the winds—aye, the thunderbolt, and it prances, and glances, and dances through the expanse of ether! Soon did he arrive. Worlds of smiles, showers of compliments, myriads of courtesies awaited the happy swain. He bowed and shook hands and scraped till he was tired—and what do you think he did then—he stopped!

Supper was served up. The matchless Miss Mumbledee presided as mistress of the table; and so much grace and despatch did I never see combined before in one individual. She accommodated every one almost at the same moment, and with at least twenty different sorts of solids and liquids! Her wit, also, on this occasion was truly attic. I will give you a sample. "Here, master Goose," says she to the favoured son of the shears, who was seated on her right in token of distinction, "take this leg o' goose—and taste this cup of chocolate. O! ye Goose! an' ye han't spilt it all boilin' hot on yere white trousers! he, he, he! Now really, master Goose, I've guess as how ye be a goose for sartain, he, he, he!"

In fact, this had taken place. As an impartial historian, I am bound to relate the incident, however insignificant it may appear. Sall, suiting the action to the word, had handed honest Zach a huge bowl of chocolate on a wooden platter. He—perhaps rather dizzy with the contemplation of the charms of his hostess—instead of taking hold of the platter—seized the cup, which contained the scalding fluid. The consequence was, that he could not retain it a minute, without having his fingers sadly burned,—and in his hurry to put it down, (tell it not in Gath!) it slipped out of his hand, and emptied itself directly into his lap. And O! what a scene ensued! Hogarth! where was thy pencil? The affrighted gentleman sprang up like a cork from a bottle of spruce beer, and danced about for five minutes, cutting the queerest capers imaginable, while sweat by the gill ran down a face, on which agony was printed in glaring capitals! It afterwards turned out, though, that our hero was more "frightened than hurt," as he had on at the time three pair of breeches, to guard against the effects of the night air, and to keep clear of a friend of his, Mr. Rheumatism, who very frequently importuned him with his visits!

This little matter was soon forgotten by all, but the unfortunate Mr. Goose, who consumed upwards of an hour in reminating whether the greasy chocolate, which had so unceremoniously inundated his white unmentionables, would wash out or not. But he was disturbed in the very marrow of his reverie by a slap athwart the back, which came very near changing the location of a half a dozen of his ribs,—and by a voice, compared to which the squeal of a pig was angelically harmonious. "Now Zach, I've purtusses as how ye be goin to take a doze, eh! Git up, son of yere mother! and use yere legs—O what a partner ye be! Doant you see as how the dance begins?"

And so it did. The roof shook, the floor trembled, the furniture clashed, and the whole house rocked. Such was the spirit of the dancers! Description fails me. Suffice it to say, that the ceiling was seven feet high, and that both man and woman, boy and girl, incessantly bumped their heads against it! O degenerate moderns! perform feats like these if you can. Your cotillions and waltzes, and French and German and Turkish dances—what are they when contrasted with this? Mere child's play—A little changing of places, a few turns of the body, a slight skip, and a final bow are the sum and substance of your achievements. To jump up three feet two hundred times consecutively, to give your head-piece a vigorous rap against the rafters at each ascent, and to descend in ponderous iron-shod shoes upon an oaken substratum,—would be the death of you; at least, it would either break your bones, or make them ache for a year. But I am digressing.

The dance terminated, not because the heels of the salutory group felt rather sore, or that they were exhausted in the arduous exercise, but because the wooden chronicle on the mantle-piece struck nine o'clock—which all of us know was a very late hour among our progenitors. This therefore was the signal for dispersion. Zachariah went away among the rest, and on arriving home, speedily betook himself to repose. God Somnus was not very propitious that night. The young man felt somewhat feverish—pulse

beat very irregular—respiration difficult—awoke by the nightmare, &c. &c. Got asleep again—red gowns and tresses of the same hue flew across his discompered fancy, &c. &c. Morning dawned, and the young tailor yawned. For some reason not by us understood, he manufactured no vestments that day. Night again came—and where do you think our hero was? Why, to be sure, kneeling at the feet of the beautiful Sall, while she was feeding Bill Bixum, one of her grunting favourites. And since we must say it, know, dear reader, that in spite of all his resolutions, Zachariah Goose had, at the aforesaid party, fallen desperately in love with the refined accomplishments and personal graces of Miss Mumbledee!—This perhaps may explain the cause of his previous indisposition. Thus ran his professions of love: "Ah Sall! ye be the sweetest creature that I ever seed I've be dyin out of love fur ye, that's the fact o' it. Ye set my hart all a blazin. By Jack Bobinet! I've a dyn man!"

And what says the object of his tenderest affection? she says nothing, but calmly locks up Bill Bixum in his pen, after furnishing him with a supply of swill overnight. This done, she smooths down her apron, and with the utmost "sang froid" replies as follows: "Why Zach, I han't tho't o' the matter yet; but I s'pose as how there's no need of standin shilly-shally—and so, dear Zach, I am at yere sarvis."

The compact thus settled could not but meet the approbation of Sall's father. The next week therefore saw Mr. Zachariah Goose, a double partner, being united to Miss Mumbledee in marriage, and to her father in business.

C. F. B.

#### DEBUTATORY SELECTIONS.

**Anecdotes of Goldsmith.** Colonel O'More, of Clonham Castle, in Ireland, told the editor an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps colored a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, in Colonel O'More and Mr. Burke were going with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester square. "Observe Goldsmith!" said Mr. Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came in soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. "This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of pressing, said "That he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square."—Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at these women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted jzebels; while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so? Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?"—"That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility: "I am very—it was very foolish. I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."

Boswell's Johnson, by Croker.

**Dutch Spitting against Prince Leopold.** The Dutch wits are very busily employed in ridiculing the new King of Belgium. The Journal de la Haye, says: We understand that his Majesty, Leopold I. king by the grace of the advocate Van Meenen of Louvain, is enthusiastically fond of *proprete*, and scented soap. When his Majesty will occupy his palace at Brussels, his *pomade de jusquin* and Macassar Oil, will be from one end of the town to the other. His Majesty proposes to turn the manufactories into magazines of Eau de Cologne; to plant roses, jessamines, and irises, where formerly there were potatoes; and to set up in place of food, pretty flasks of hue de Venus. Again, in the same paper: "The Belgians, after searching in vain for a name for their new Sovereign, not being able to call him the wise, nor the victorious, nor, above all, the witty, have at last fixed upon styling him his "Musked Majesty." *Sa Majeste Musquee.*

**Emancipation of Slaves.** A Liverpool paper says, "we have great pleasure in being able to inform our readers that the British Government have determined on the emancipation of the slaves belonging to the crown in the various conquered provinces. Directions to this effect have been already forwarded to the government of Barbice, and in a few months we may cheerfully anticipate that our government, at least, will be purged from the foul stain of slavery."



## LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN.

The earlier history and rare good fortune of this individual, to whom fame and fortune seemed to come in spite of every obstacle—whose cowardice gave him reputation as a soldier, and whose mistakes all turned to good account—will not have been forgotten by our readers, notwithstanding the time that has passed since he was last heard from.

Blessed with a wife whose affection till this hour has been unvarying in every trial, I found myself more fondly attached to life and safety than before. I trembled at every order from the war-office, lest it should doom my regiment to the glories of foreign service; and, in fact, if I were to relate to you the whole positions of my affairs, you would scarcely believe that I managed so to conceal them as to escape observation and disgrace. This, however, I did. People are usually very much in the habit of attaching the idea of heroism and courage to a long sword and hat. There is no surer protection from bullying and insult than a military dress. I therefore had as a brother toward, anxious to make up in appearance what he wants in reality, any one who in the piping time of peace, infests the coffee-room or the theatre in the habitations of war. His courage decreases in my estimation as his spurs are lengthened; abridged so that you may treat as cavalierly as you like—but if in addition to that the puffed-out slippers his cowardice beneath a hat with a military cock, a regimental stock, and jangling spurs of inordinate longitude, you may very safely kick him on the slightest provocation without any chance of disagreeable consequences. I speak on this subject from experience. My uniform, I am convinced, stood sponsor on many occasions for my courage, and I remained undiscovered only because I was entirely unsuspected. When my wife till this hour believes me to be a very lion is the pugnacity of my disposition. She talks of me as a volcano whose proper atmosphere is fire and smoke—as a sort of dread-devil to whom life affords no enjoyment equal to the opportunity of throwing it away; and absolutely, at this moment, is pining for the breaking out of a war, that I may be enabled, so she says, to revel in the delights of a campaign, which in my apprehension, is only another word for the expression in the language of battle, murder, and sudden death,—to which, perhaps, by the bye, I always (perhaps involuntarily) feel a peculiar glow of sincerity and devotion as I contemplate the response.

But I must get on with my story. My happiness was complete—my father-in-law continued his kind nose—and from every member of his family I received tokens of the highest consideration. My rival, however, Fitz D'Angle, did not bear his disappointment with the equanimity which his apparent indifference had led me to expect. Whether he in any way suspected how matters were, I do not know, but he certainly, whenever circumstances brought us together, treated me with a coldness and hauteur which I felt very frequently approached to the limits of insult. I bore his behaviour with my usual calmness; for though I hated him, and was vexed beyond measure by the mode of conduct which he assumed towards me, yet fear predominated, and I cautiously abstained from giving offence, and laboured most assiduously to avoid the necessity of taking it. But in vain. One evening there was a large party at the distinguished old Countess of Fribbleton's. The whole suite of noble apartments was thrown open, and the company consisted of the elite of the society of London. I went along with my wife and the Marquis; and as I never had any great predilection for entertainments of that kind, I retired to a quiet situation as I could find, and locked with considerable interest on the glittering scene. At the period I mention, England was in arms against nearly all the world, and war was of course a very general subject of conversation. Amongst the company were many officers of distinction. In a short time a group of military men had gathered near the place where I sat, and discussed with great earnestness the movements of the contending armies. Upon several occasions my opinion was asked, and listened to, even by the grey-haired veterans of a hundred fights, with deference and respect. But Fitz D'Angle, who was one of the party, bore on his fine aristocratic features a sneer of laughing scorn, which I attempted in vain to avoid noticing. To every thing I said he made some frivolous or disparaging reply, till at last I evidently perceived that several of the auditors seemed surprised at my passive endurance of his impertinence. But the effort to summon courage to take the expected notice of his behaviour was beyond my power; and I still submitted with outward calmness, though internally a victim to the mingled struggles of anger and fear. The Marquis now joined the group, and I was in hopes his presence might act as a restraint on Fitz D'Angle. But that individual perceived he was very safe in the conduct he pursued; and, again, when I was answering a question, which the celebrated Field Marshal Finspit did me the honour to propose to me, he contradicted me in one of my assertions, without any of the circumlocutions with which a gentleman generally softens the expression of a difference in opinion. I stopped short and looked him full in the face, and though at that moment (but as uncomfortable as I had ever done in my life, not a muscle moved, not a nerve was shaken, and even the bold eye of Fitz D'Angle sank beneath the fixed but inexpressive look. My eye was literally dead,—it had absolutely divested itself of all meaning whatsoever, and in that instance it was a complete index to my mind. I was at that moment as perfectly without any idea of any sort or kind of a sta-

ture; I knew not whether, as the vulgar saying has it, I stood on my head or my heels; and the silence produced by my lengthened gaze, added to my embarrassment. At last, Fitz D'Angle recovered his self-possession, and said, 'Colonel Pumpkin, will you be kind enough, sir, to explain the meaning of the look you have done me the honour to fix on me for the last few minutes?'—'My look, sir?' I said. 'Yes, your look; for allow me to tell you, that I permit no such rude and insulting stare to be fixed on me by a prince or peer, and far less by a parvenu.' Here I saw a slight opening for escape, and replied—'Mr Fitz D'Angle, I waive on this occasion all discussions with respect to birth—yours I know is lofty, mine I confess to be comparatively humble—but, were our situations in that respect changed, depend on it I should scorn to cast any thing in your teeth.'—'Except your head!' continued the old Marquis, who evidently enjoyed the scene. Fitz D'Angle lost all patience upon this.—'Sir, your infamous conduct in inflicting such an injury on an unprepared man, is only equalled by your cowardly business in thus referring to it. I shall expect satisfaction.'—'Stay, Mr Fitz D'Angle,' I said, in a state of the highest alarm, 'I shall do all I can to avoid a duel, which I have always dreaded more than almost any thing else; I shall fairly tell you how every thing occurred—I shall confess to you—once for all, that you have on many occasions showed much more courage than ever I possessed, and that I am anxious to avoid even the remotest chance of depriving your country of such valuable services, as I doubt not you have often rendered her.' As I said these words, there was a concealed sort of smile went round the circle, and, darting on me a look of even greater rage than before, Fitz D'Angle turned away, and in a few minutes left the room. My confusion at this incident was unbounded. I felt there was no possibility of drawing back—that fight I must—and death and infamy presented themselves to my imagination in every hideous form.

The Marquis slapt me on the shoulder. 'Gave it him well, my boy; cursed severe though on the little silken puppy—Why, man, what services has he rendered? Gad that was the best bit of all. Come, let's have a bottle or two of wine, it will steady your hand in the morning; you shall sleep at my house to-night, and we shall sing Master Fitz's whiskers at peep of day. Come along! And away we went. As unconscious as a child, I followed the old warrior—arrived at his house—was seated at table with half a dozen bottles before us, and had swallowed several bumpers, one after another, as fast as they could be poured out, before I recovered my senses enough to recollect the disagreeable scrape in which I was involved. When the whole scene recurred to my remembrance, I searched through every expression which I had uttered, to discover, if possible, some opportunity to retract or explain. But I could find no means whatsoever. What I had said in the alarm of the moment by way of soothing his irritation, had unfortunately increased it. I therefore endeavoured to make up my mind to undergo the risk of a meeting. I comforted myself with thinking of the multitude of duels which are fought every year without being attended with bloodshed—but then always at the end of a long list of these ineffectual encounters came the appalling recollection of some horrible meeting where both the principals were killed, and this reduced me to the same state of apprehension as at first. In the midst of these disagreeable reflections, a gentleman was announced as coming from Mr. Fitz D'Angle. Mechanically, I took the note which he presented me, read it, and gave it over to the Marquis without saying a word. It was to the following effect:

'Sir,—after the sneer at my want of service, and the implication against my courage in which you thought proper to indulge, by comparing it with the heroism which I allow you have on every occasion displayed, you will not be surprised at the course I have taken. My friend, Major Blood, will arrange every thing for as speedy a meeting as possible with any gentleman you may choose to appoint. I remain, sir, your obedient servant. Henry Fitz D'Angle.'

'Fore George!' said the Marquis, when he read it, 'this is capital,—there is more in the younger than I gave him credit for. Pumpkin, my boy, leave the room for a few minutes, and Major Blood and I will settle the preliminaries,—you shall soon come back, and we can have a comfortable evening.' Marvelling at the strange idea some people entertained of a comfortable evening, I did as I was desired; I heard from the adjoining room the low sound of their conversation, and sometimes I caught the quick short laugh of the Marquis, from which I could perceive he was delighted with the whole adventure. In a short time I heard the Major retire, and I resumed my seat by the side of the Marquis. 'All right, my boy,' he said, when I went in; 'Major Blood seems a pleasant gentlemanly man,' and agreed to the shortest possible distance the moment I proposed it. Long pistols, six paces, fire at the dropping of the handkerchief, that's the short way of doing business; now fill your glass.—'Shall you kill him the first fire?'—'Kill him? Good Heavens! I hope not.'—'That's a good kind-hearted fellow! No, no, I should not like to see him altogether killed, but you shall have my own hair-triggers, the same that did for my poor friend Danby in '72—and egad you must wing him; I should recommend the right arm, but of course in that you will please yourself.—half past 3, Wimbledon Common.—Don't you think every thing most delightfully settled?'—'Oh delightfully!' I said, without exactly understanding what the word meant, and drank off my wine with

the coolest air in the world. My conversation you will believe was not very vivacious. Indeed there was no great occasion for me to speak at all; the Marquis was in extravagantly high spirits, and told me several of his feats in the same way in his youth. He never for a moment seemed to doubt that I entered with great enjoyment into all his anecdotes, but, alas! my thoughts ran in a very different channel. I cannot say that the fear of death was the most powerful of my tormentors,—the dread of disgrace was still greater; I felt almost certain that my secret could be kept no longer, that my nerve would at last give way, and I knew that the slightest tremor would betray me at once to so calm and quick-sighted a judge as the Marquis. But the evening at last came to an end. The old man shook me very affectionately by the hand, before we separated for the night, and said, 'Sleep soundly, my boy, it will do your aim good in the morning—what I like about you is your coolness—no boasting, no passion, all as composed as if you were only going to breakfast—you'll wing him to a certainty; so now good night.'

## THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

The recent elevation of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg to the throne of Belgium has given a new interest to his biography, and therefore we now present some extracts from a memoir contained in Jordan's National Portrait Gallery, embracing the principal events in his public career.

The royal subject of this memoir is one of those extraordinary instances of singular fortune, which occur but rarely, even in the widely-spread annals of mankind; and seem to proclaim to us, with an authority not to be mistaken, that

'—There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we will.'

The leading instances of the life of Prince Leopold have not only been remarkable in themselves, but still more remarkable in their coincidence with, and effects upon, the destiny of another exalted individual. We allude to the Prince of Orange, between whom, and two crowns, it has been the fate of his Royal Highness to step; while, as if to render his own career yet more wonderful, a third has been offered to his acceptance. In ancient and in superstitious times, the genius, or ascendant star, of the House of Coburg would have been recognized in these striking events—in our enlightened times they cannot but excite admiration and wonder.

After tracing his birth, advance to manhood, &c., at the period of Bonaparte's return, discomfited, from Russia, the narrative proceeds.

'The Prince Leopold was among the first to star, from an inactivity which was so irksome to him; and, long before the campaign had commenced, he was in the midst of the Russian army, leaving all that was most dear to him at risk, for the great cause of his fatherland.' He accompanied the allied army to Silesia and Saxony; was engaged in the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen; and, on the expiration of the armistice, proceeded with the army to Bohemia, and thence to the Saxon frontier; where he particularly distinguished himself by the division of cavalry under his command. For his eminent services on those days, the Emperor Alexander invested him, on the field of battle of Nollendorf, with the Cross of St. George, and the Emperor of Austria subsequently conferred on him the order of Maria Theresa. He was at Leipzig, and throughout the whole of the campaigns which ended in the capture of Paris in 1814. Many of our countrymen formed their first acquaintance with the Prince when he was in the French capital, at this period 'the gayest of the gay.' Hence he passed over to England with the allied sovereigns, in a natural anxiety to witness the land which had so greatly the great cause which had been so nobly consummated. At this time the Prince Leopold was a young man, twenty-four years of age, remarkable for his good looks, and distinguished from the crowd of princes with whom he was associated, by great amenity of manners, equanimity of temper, and every accomplishment of good society. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was, at that time, in her eighteenth year, and remarkable, above her years, for great insight into the characters of those with whom she associated. It is not, therefore, surprising that she should have been captivated with the qualities of Prince Leopold; nor is it necessary, at this time of day, to doubt the excellence of her judgment, in her preference of an individual, who made her, without any dispute, the happiest of women, during the short period which she was permitted to call happy, in her short but eventful life. It is well known that her hand had been destined for the Prince of Orange, by the policy of the British cabinet, as well as at the desire of her royal father; and the Princess had so far yielded to these wishes, as to consent to appear with him in public at the queen's drawing-room, this year. She was not, however, of a disposition to be willingly made an instrument of others in a matter so near her heart; and when she found a man more suited to her mind, she at once broke off a forced attachment, and loved him alone with all the intensity of a woman's affection. The British people, unaccustomed to marriages of convenience, admired the spirit which influenced her conduct; and she, felt encouraged by their approbation, to carry her point with all the resolution she inherited from her family. When, one day, her querry, Colonel Adenbroke, returned from Kew to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, where the princess at that time resided, and told her the report of the day—the her Royal Highness was to

marry Prince Leopold—she at once evinced the settled determination of her breast, by the reply, 'He is the only man I ever will marry.'

We pass to the conclusion: 'His last act, upon quitting England, was to announce to the ministry his determination, as sovereign of Belgium, to draw no portion of his parliamentary annuity. A degree of indecent haste has been shown by the public, relative to his intentions in this respect; and thus had even been reflected within the walls of the Upper House of Parliament. His claim to this grant (which, as far as his Royal Highness was concerned, was the unsolicited liberality of the country) was as undisputed and as firm as that of the public creditor; but, in truth, he had been always made to suffer for the sins of those who had been thus prodigal in their desire to obtain his early favour. The man, however, whom his enemies had declared to be the most avaricious and miserly of men, actually relinquished the certainty of the affluence, as well as the comfort, of a private station—before he knew what endowment would be made on a crown which he had accepted—upon public grounds alone. Here, then, we close this rapid glance over a life which, for its duration, has been more than ordinarily eventful. The king of the Belgians is still in the maturity of his life, and in the full vigour of his faculties. He has undertaken a task which must be difficult and laborious, and which many people think is not capable of a successful result. He may, however, reflect, that he occupies a throne, the right to which is less capable of dispute than any one in history—for the hereditary sovereigns of the land renounced their claim to Austria, or to France; and the right of conquest alone, and that not a conquest over Belgium, gave it to the kingdom of the Netherlands. He is one of the few sovereigns who, without even the birthright to the land of his rule, has obtained a crown without the sword having been drawn, or a drop of blood spilled, in the acquisition of it. If he should happily succeed, he will deserve the gratitude of four millions of subjects, and the applause of surrounding nations,—if he should fail, he will lay down a sceptre which he never sought, and return to that private station, the splendid prospects of which few could have had the virtue to have quitted, although the object were to retain the blessings of peace to Europe, and to consolidate the principle of constitutional government.'

## THE CONSTABLE BOURBON.

'On quitting Herment, Bourbon had taken the same precaution made use of in somewhat similar circumstances by Robert Bruce. He had reversed the shingles of his horse; but it was in vain to change his route, to take only the most deserted roads, to travel only by night, and in the day to seek shelter only in the chateaux the masters of which were devoted to him. He scarcely made a step without meeting emissaries who were in search of him. He plunged among the mountains of Auvergne, of Gevaudan, and of Cevennes, whence he gained the Rhone, almost opposite to Vienna. He entered a ferry-boat, and found himself in the midst of twelve or fifteen soldiers, several of whom recognized Pomperat; it was not difficult for them to conjecture that his companion was Bourbon himself. The prince could scarcely conceal his trouble and uneasiness. The intrepid Pomperat had resolved to cut the cable of the boat, and let it fall down upon the shore of Vivarais, at the first movement which he perceived among the soldiers. But whether they did not recognize the features of the disguised constable, or pretended not to recognize them, they suffered him to pass without molestation. Bourbon continued his journey by the great road of Grenoble, then very much frequented by reason of the march of the troops towards the Alps. He quitted it some time after, and plunged into the neighbouring woods of St. Antoine en Viennois. Overcome with thirst and weariness, he presented himself at the chateau de Noyat, belonging to an old lady, who received him hospitably. She recognized Pomperat at table: 'Are not you,' said she to him, 'one of those persons who have played the fool with Monsieur de Bourbon?' 'I wish,' replied he, coolly, 'that I had lost all I possess, and were with him.' They spoke of the adventures of the prince; when, towards the end of the repast, a man arrived, who informed the company that he had just met the prevot d'Hotel with his archers, who were seeking the duke de Bourbon about a league from that. At these words the prince started, and made a movement as if to rise and take to flight. Pomperat stopped him; and, dexterously concealing from the other guests the uneasiness of his friend, he continued to converse gaily with them. The snapper being over, they hastily mounted their horses, and rode all night across the mountains. They stopped one whole day in a kind of desert, in order to give their horses rest; they then directed their course towards Chambéry, at the risk of being recognized by the general officers and companies of cavalry who filled that road. Bourbon, perceiving that he could not go further without giving himself up to his enemies, retraced his road by the bank of the Rhone, which he crossed eight leagues above Lyons; at last he arrived safely at Saint Claude, in Franche-Comte, where the cardinal de la Baume met him with an escort, and conducted him to Beaumont. \* \* \* Bourbon, on his arrival at Turin, obtained an audience of the duke, and laid open his ends with such effect, that he obtained not only all the money which the duke possessed, but also his jewels. Thus provided, Bourbon hurried into Germany, no longer doubting of the success of his enterprise. Here he

reputation was of great use to him; (The lansquenets, who had formerly served under him in France, regarding him as the soldier's father, flocked in crowds to enroll themselves under his banner. Bourbon selected only warriors hardened by labour and fatigue, accustomed to fire, and subjected to the most severe discipline. He joined to these five hundred French knights, He gave the command, under himself, of this army to George Frönsberg, whose zeal, influence, and resources had been of great use to him. The love of his troops consoled Bourbon for his misfortunes, and stood to him instead of every thing. From this moment he regarded his army as his family, his soldiers as his children, and his camp as his country; he knew no other in the universe. Proscribed and condemned in France, without establishment in the states of the emperor, crossed and humbled by his generals, who robbed him of the glory of success, and imputed to him the blunders and reverses, he had occasion for all the strength of his mind not to sink under the weight of affliction. Now a more brilliant future presented itself to his view. Absolute master of an army, he came to take vengeance on France, and perhaps to compel Charles to fulfil the pompous promises with which he had sought to dazzle him. Animated by courage and hope, Bourbon rapidly traversed the Cödan Alps. He entered the Milanese at the head of from twelve to thirteen thousand combatants, three months after having left it alone and without money. In so short a space of time he had negotiated at Turin, conferred with the archduke Ferdinand, visited the principal courts of Germany, levied an army, and led it into Lombardy. Such labours appeared light to a man animated with the fires of ambition and revenge."—*Cæsar, Cæsar.*

#### BURIAL PLACES OF THE TURKS.

In an early number of the Atlas we gave some account of the Mohammedan Cemeteries near Constantinople; but are tempted to copy from *Anastasia* the rich and striking, though perhaps somewhat fanciful, description there given of the "Field of the Dead," at Scutari. Along with it we have made room for the reflections of the Greek, who seems to have been a disciple of the Epicurean philosophy; but from whose sentiments, though a heartless Christian readers may, if so disposed, impute instruction.

"I now renounced all distant pursuits, and resolved only to seek the enjoyments within my immediate grasp—forgetting that many objects, even though we should never approach them near enough to impress the sense of touch, may still by their towering splendour long at least gladden the sight or the fancy; that the pleasure, whether it actually thrill the body or only warm the mind, still, while it lasts, is pleasure, and that he manages his means of happiness best poorly, who, while his existence affords ample room both for realities and dreams, gives us, in his blind devotion to the present, all the smiling visions of the future.

Indeed, in my ardent for tangible enjoyments, I went so far as to deem unworthy of my seeking every present pleasure itself, which rose beyond those of the most grovelling description. 'Who,' cried I, 'would only contemplate the gilded clouds over his head, that would cull around his very feet rich fruits and fragrant flowers? Let those rest their hopes solely on the airy phantoms of the imagination who possess not the means to taste the daintier sweets of the sense: I, in whose composition flesh and blood more than balance soul and intellect, am impelled to follow a different course, and to gather all I can of the milk and honey which bountiful nature, the true Ephesian Diana, pours from the thousand springs which cover her bosom.'

Thus, in my partial calculations—in my fear of neglecting half the pleasures of existence—I was going to give up the other, and better portion—the enjoyments which flourish in age, in infirmity, and in distance, as in youth, in health, and in freedom!

How frequently does it happen, that the same external objects promote, according to the different predispositions of the mind, the most opposite sentiments and resolves! I still continued impressed with the wisdom of securing the present, and committing the whole task of my happiness to the sense, when I began to discover Scutari, the principal outpost of the capital on the Asiatic shore; and in the neighbourhood of that city—edging the horizon—the black track of cypress groves that mark its immense cemeteries,\* the last resting-place of those who, dying in Constantinople, fear that their bones may some day be disturbed, if committed to the unhallowed ground of Europe.

A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapours over shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he approaches them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and exhaling a cold sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow shivering ground, which loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and

\* Its immense cemeteries—Among the Turks, in proportion as death extends its conquests, cemeteries are enlarged; and as in the vicinity of great cities the tombs have cypress-trees planted round them, their distant appearance is that of a forest. The burying-places which surround Constantinople on all sides are immense; but chiefly those at Scutari; from the predilection which even the Turks of Europe preserve for being buried in Asia.

so busily has time been to work to fill this spot with the sad relics of mortality—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of mouldering bodies, and its gardens of blooming sepulchres, in every direction stretch far away across the brow of the hills and the hollow of the valleys: already are the avenues which cross each other on every side in this domain of death, so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, has to travel many a mile between endless rows of piled-up tombs, shaded by mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and yet every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower-beds of graves.

As I sped through this awful repository, the ranges of sepulchres, terminating in evanescent points, rose to the right and the left on my passage—only for an instant to strike my sight, and then again to disappear and to make room for new ones—in such rapid and yet such unceasing succession, that at last I fancied some spell possessed my soul, some fascination kept locked my senses; and I hurried on with accelerated rapidity, as if the end of these melancholy abodes was to be the end of my waking delusion. Nor was it until near the verge of the funeral forest through which I had been pacing for a full hour, the brighter light of a gay landscape again gleamed athwart the ghostlike trees, that I stopped to look round, and to take a more leisurely survey of the ground I had traversed.

'There,' said I to myself, 'lie, scarce one foot beneath the surface of a soil, swelling, and ready on every point to burst with its festering contents, more than half the generations whom death has continued for near four centuries to mow down in the capital of the Turkish empire. There lie, side by side, on the same level, in cells the size of their bodies, and only distinguished by a marble turban somewhat longer or deeper—some what rounder or squarer—personages in life far as heaven and earth asunder, in birth, in station, in gifts of nature, and in long laboured acquirements! There lie, sunk alike in their last sleep—alike food for the loathsome worm—the conqueror who filled the universe with his name, and the peasant scarce known in his own hamlet; Sultan Mahmoud, and Sultan Mahmoud's perhaps more deserving horse;\* cowering under the weight of years, and infants of a single hour; men with intellects of angels, and men with understandings inferior to those of brutes; the beauty of Georgia, and the black of Sennaar; viziers, beggars, heroes, and women. There, perhaps, mingle their insensible dust, the corrupt judge and the innocent he condemned, the murdered man and his murderer, the adulteress and her injured husband, the master and his meanest slave. There vile insects consume the hand of the artist, the brain of the philosopher, the eye which sparkled with celestial fire, and the lip from which flowed irresistible eloquence! All the soul pressed by me for the last two hours once was animated like myself; all the mould which now clings to my feet, once formed limbs and features like my own! Like myself, all this black unceasing dust overthought, and willed, and moved!—And I, creature of clay like those here buried; I, who travel through life as I do on this road, with the remains of past generations strewn around me; I, who, whether my journey last a few hours more or less, must still, like those here deposited, in a short time rejoin the silent tenants of some cluster of tombs, be stretched out by the side of some already sleeping corpse, and be left to rest, for the remainder of time, with all my hopes and fears—all my faculties and prospects—on a cold couch of clammy earth!—shall I leave the rose to blush along my path unheeded, the purple grape to wither over my head? and in the idle pursuit of some dream of distant grandeur that may delude me while I live, spurn all the delights which invite my embrace?—Far from my thoughts be such folly! Whatever tempts, let me take; whatever bears the name of enjoyment, henceforth let me, while I can, make my own!'

\* Sultan Mahmoud's horse—actually interred in the cemetery of Scutari, under a dome supported by eight pillars.

WITTY BUTTERER. During the late election at Stamford, a violent Tory went into the shop of a Whig butcher. "What is your pleasure?" demanded the knight of the cleaver. "I want a calf's head," was the reply. The butcher, having two, inquired of his Tory customer which he would prefer, a Tory one or a Whig one. "A Tory one, to be sure," rejoined the customer. "Very well, sir, I'll send it home for you." When the cook proceeded to dress it, the brains were missing, and the master was speedily made acquainted with the circumstance, when he returned to the butcher's, and indignantly inquired of him what become of them. "Are you not aware, sir," replied cleaver, "that Tory heads do not contain brains? And did you not choose a Tory calf's head in preference to a Whig one?" Eng. Paper.

#### EPITAPH ON DIEBITSCH.

Diebitsch, though dead, will surely still defend  
The Imperial Autocrat, or I'm an ass;  
For as before young Nicky was his friend,  
So now he'll have for friend, old Nick, alas!

#### THE EGLANTINE.

The sun was setting in the summer west  
With golden glory, mid pavilions vast  
Of purple and gold; scarcely a zephyr breathed;  
The woods in their unbragous beauty slept;  
The river with a soft sound murmured on;  
Sweetly the wild birds sang; and far away  
The azure-shouldered mountains, softly lined,  
Seemed like the boundaries of Paradise.

From early morn the day had o'er me passed  
In occupied perplexity—the cares  
Which seem inseparable from the lot of one  
Who breathes in bustling scenes—the crowded walks  
Of man encountering man in daily life,  
Where interest jars with interest, and each  
Has ends to serve with all. But now the eye  
Brought on its dewy pinions peace; the stir  
Died on my ear; its memory from my mind  
(Longing for quiet and tranquility)  
Departed hilt; and, in the golden glow  
Of the descending sun, my spirit drank  
Oblivion to the discords and the cares,  
That, while they fell on, petrify the heart.

It is a melancholy thing, 'twas thus  
The tear of my meditation ran!  
That such a separation should exist  
Between our present and our bye-past thoughts,  
That scarcely seem the extremities of life  
Parts of the self-same being.

Time and fate  
Year after year such alteration find  
Or make, that, when we measure infancy  
With boyhood—boyhood with maturer youth—  
And with each other manhood's ripened years,—  
Our own selves with our own selves—there is seen  
Less difference 'twixt the acorn and the oak,  
Than that which was, with that which is; but yet,  
So melt insensibly day into day.

Month into month, the summer's mellowing heat  
To yellow autumn—a wiesitude  
Unfading, though continuous, that we seem  
To know not of life's onward voyage, until  
Earth's headlands are last sight of in the deaths  
Of those we prize—rocks interrupt our paths—  
Or shipwreck threatens in fate's lowering storm.

Thus pondering as I paced, my wanderings lend  
To a lone river bank of yellow sand,—  
The loved haunt of the quail, whose blithe wing  
Wanton'd from stone to stone—and, on a mound  
Of verdurous turf with wild-flowers diamonded,  
(Harebell and lyches, thyme and camomile)  
Sprang in the majesty of natural pride  
An eglantine—the red rose of the wood—  
Its cany boughs with threatening prickles arm'd,  
Rich in its blossoms and sweet-scented leaves.

The wild-rose has a nameless spell for me;  
And never on the road-side do mine eyes  
Rebuke it, but at once my thoughts revert  
To school-boy days: why so, I scarcely know—  
Except that once, while wandering with my mate,  
One gorgeous afternoon, when holiday  
To Nature lent new charms—a thunder-storm  
O'ertook us, cloud on cloud—a mass of black,  
Dashing at once the blue sky from our view,  
And spreading o'er the dim and dreary hills  
A lurid mantle.

To a leafy screen  
We fled, of elms; and from the rushing rain  
And loud found shelter, though at every flash  
Of the red lightning, brightly heralding  
The thunder-peal, within each bosom died  
The young heart, and the day of doom seem'd come.

At length the red battalia cleared away,  
The tempest-cloven clouds; and sudden fell  
A streak of joyful sunshine; on a bush  
Of wild-rose fell its beauty: all was dark  
Around it still, and dismal; but the beam  
(Like Hope sent down to re-illumine despair)  
Burned on the bush, displaying every leaf,  
And bud, and blossom, with such perfect light  
And exquisite splendour, that since then my heart  
Hath deem'd it Nature's favourite; and mine eyes  
Fall on it never, but that thought recur,  
And memories of the bye-past, sad and sweet. Delta.

#### FAREWELL.

FAREWELL!—that fond and love-fraught word,  
Whose talismanic power  
Awakens many a thrilling chord,  
Has slumber'd till this hour—  
When, like a rich Arabian strain,  
Affection gushes forth again.

'Tis heard above the wild hurrah,  
When charging squadrons meet,  
And those who fall amid the fray  
Are trodden under feet:  
From many a bosom gush'd and gor'd  
Is mourn'd that one love-breathing word.

In prayer the warrior utters it  
Before the battle-fray;  
In tears the sailor mutes it,  
When wings his bark away—  
Upon the whirling surge's swell,  
He flings to home his fond farewell.

When o'er the ship, with wailing roar,  
The blackening waters foam,  
Shrouding the fated seaman o'er—  
(Their winding-sheet and tomb)—  
Then, high above the tempest's yell,  
Is heard their anguish-shriek'd—Farewell!

By the believer's bed of death  
If thou hast ever stood,  
And mark'd how calmly from his faith,  
How tranquil was his mood—  
His spirit long with God to dwell,  
Yet lingers still to say—Farewell!

The exile weeping on the deck,  
While gazing on his home—  
Now slowly lessening to a speck,  
Now lost amid the foam—  
Still thinks he hears his own adored  
Maria breathe that mournful word.

Thou sweetly melancholy sound,  
Composed of sobs and sighs;  
Giver of many a careless wound  
No skill can cicatrize;  
Breaker of many a blissful spell—  
Altho' all must breathe thy name—Farewell!

H. W. DUNN.

#### PITT'S BON-MOT.

This story in Pindaric style is told in one of our late London periodicals. It appears to be from a whiggish, as well as a waggish pen; but the torics should pardon any jests at their expense, on account of their life and good humour.

Though William Pitt (nick-named 'the Tory')

In Morris's facetious story

Retains the honours of his name

As a debates-man—

Who, in the House of Commons, 'ere

Rotundo,\* cried up England's glory—

Yet as a statesman,

Or as a financier, his name

May be compared to his own sinking-land,

Which, if not quite extinct, is moribund.

Once on a time, the Pitt-club diners

Collected scores of Tory sinners,

The powder'd Penchons and the pig-tail Lockets,

Who having, with the honestest intentions,

Thrust their hands deep into the people's pockets,

Denounced all change as revolution,

And called themselves

(The modest elves)

The best upholders of the Constitution—

Meaning thereby their sinecures and pensions!

A Tory's transit is so transitory,

That now the Pitt-club's fade! glory

Can scarcely muster

A dozen old Corruptionists and Twaddlers,

(A beggarly account of empty noddies)

And in their cups think fit

To boast and bluster,

And to the listless world proclaim

The bright imperishable fame

Of the three-parts-forgotten William Pitt.

Seeing this heaven-born Minister's renown,

In his political capacity,

Thus tumbling down,

An instance of his smart docility

Ought in impartial justice to be stated,

In order that the reader may bestow

Due praise on the defunct for a bon-mot—

The only one he ever perpetrated.

When the French threatened, in flat-bottom'd boats

To come and cut our throats,

Pitt—their Lord-Warden of the Cinque-Ports—held

A meeting in the town of Dover,

To settle, should the French come over,

How they might best and soonest be repel'd;

Which said assemblage, being fierce and loyal,

Declared that England might discard her fears,

For they themselves would promise to destroy all

The French, if they might form a corps—the Mayor

To be commander—and the whole to bear

The name of 'Royal Dover Volunteers.'

The Premier, when the cheering cease'd,

Smiled—for he knew the dictum true,

That greatest boasters do the least—

And whisper'd to himself, 'The Dover traders

Are most insufferable Gasconadeers;

If any folks deserve an *immundo*,

By way of rebuke, I'm sure these men do.'

However, no remark was made,

Until the Secretary, reading o'er

The rules and regulations of the corps,

Broke off, and to the Chairman said—

'Sir, I respectfully submit,

That it were well on this occasion,

Among our standing rules and laws,

To insert the customary clause—

'Not to serve out of England!—Yes,' says Pitt—

'Except in case of an invasion!'

ROMAN GAMES.—Combats of wild beasts were first exhibited in the 565th year of Rome, when Marcus Fulvius treated the people with a hunting of lions and panthers; but as luxury and riches increased, and the conquest of Africa and the East facilitated the supply of exotic animals, it soon became a contest with the ediles and others who should evince the greatest magnificence in the Circensian games, and construct the most sumptuous amphitheatres for their display. Cæsar, however, surpassed all his predecessors in the funeral shows which he celebrated in memory of his father; for, not content with supplying the vases and all the apparatus of the theatre with silver, he caused the arena to be paved with silver plates; "so that," says Pliny, "wild beasts were for the first time seen walking and fighting upon this precious metal." This excessive expense on the part of Cæsar was only commensurate with his ambition. Preceding ediles had simply sought the consulate, Cæsar aspired to empire, and was resolved, therefore, to eclipse all his competitors. Pompey the Great, on dedicating his theatre, produced, besides a rhinoceros and other strange beasts from Ethiopia, 500 lions, 410 tigers, and a number of elephants, who were attacked by African men, the hunting being continued during five days. Cæsar, after the termination of the civil wars, divided his hunting-games into five days also; in the first of which the camelopard was shown; at last 500 men on foot, and 300 on horseback were made to fight, together with twenty elephants, and an equal number more with turrets on their backs, defended by sixty men. As to the number of gladiators, he surpassed every thing that had been seen before, having produced, when edile, as Plutarch tells us, no less than 320 couples of human combatants.—*Festivals, &c.*

TOOTH BRUSHER.—A family in Edinburgh not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent into his room to inform him that it was on table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again; still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?" "Please ye, Madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."—*Franklin's Memoirs*



**Comic Almanac for 1832.** Some eccentric wag of the Literary Emporium whose fancies and brain crochets skip about in his head like grass hoppers in a cage, has produced a book full of whims and grotesque humor, which would take a column to enumerate half the fun in it. It is decorated with about fifty cuts. Old time, together with the occupations, professions and amusements of this mundane sphere, have been most diabolically quizzed; but as the poet says,

An undevout astronomer is mad.

We pass over the twelve calendar pages, merely observing that weathercocks may be dispensed with, as the wind column will give the information required. Over a graphic description of sheep shearing, is a cut of a farmer in great glee, having tied up a hog to a post busily clipping with his shears as he exclaims to his neighbor, "I say, Jack, these are fine times for wool growers." The faculty are finely hit off. Over the list of medical lectures are two resurrection men, breaking the bone repose of a poor biped by allowing him a short fit of coffin. Military fines are surmounted by a view of a sham fight. Quaker Meetings are illustrated by a picture of cousin Shadbelly on his light fantastic toe, exclaiming "ti tum ti" to a lady whose expression of face seems to imply she thinks love's labor lost on him. "A boat, a boat, to cross the ferry," exclaims a wise-acre as he is getting out of his depth in crossing a river by holding on to a cow's tail. Single blessedness by a delicate old bachelor mending his unmentionables himself while a demure spinster sits casting sheep's eyes at his broom sticks. Infant schools are represented by a child teaching its grandmother the scientific way to suck an egg, whilst the good old lady, with her mouth all ajar like the door of a barber's shop, exclaims, "La one they are making improvements in every thing." Sailors come in for a cut which represents three aquatic monstrosities standing between their two favorites, a ship and a grog shop. Those parents who think their children know the most, may look at "my son Sam," who has made the crows take to their wings, not without cause we presume. In skating, the reader will find two men in a very awkward situation. Jurors are trying to agree by pulling a rope, one end marked guilty, and the other not guilty, seven to five. Serious reflections and the editor's valedictory are truly pathetic; had we an onion and a wife, we might shed some tears on the occasion. For the remaining oddities, see the Almanac itself.

Boston Courier.

**Quin's Duel with Williams.** Notwithstanding the rough, fantastic manner, which Quin often delighted to assume, no man was of a more humane disposition, or less addicted to revenge; at the same time, he would not tamely, in any way, submit to an insult.

It happened that at this period, there was a Mr. Williams, a native of Wales, on the stage of Drury Lane, who performed the part of the messenger in the tragedy of Cato, and in saying "Cato sends health to Cato," Quin was so amused at the manner in which he pronounced the last word, "Cato," that he replied with his usual coolness—"Would he had sent a better messenger!" a retort which so stung Williams, that he vowed revenge, and followed him when he came off into the green room, where, after representing the professional injury in making him ridiculous before the audience he challenged Quin to give him the redress of a gentleman.

Quin, with his wonted philosophy and humor, endeavored to rally him, but it only added fuel to the rage of Williams, who, without further remonstrance, retired, and waited for him under the piazza, where he drew. In the scuffle Williams was killed. Quin was tried for the murder at the Old Bailey, and a verdict brought in against him of manslaughter, which at the time was applauded as just and most equitable.

Galt's Lives of the Players.

A caricature of the 16th century thus satirized the superlative iniquity of priests in the midst of apostolic Rome. The reigning Pope and the German Emperor are thus accosted: A husbandman declares to them, "I serve you two;" a merchant, "I cheat you three;" a lawyer, "I fleece you four;" a physician, "I poison you five;" a priest, "I pardon you six!"

Dant's Plain Pathway to Heaven.

We observe from the foreign journals, that a meeting has been held in Liverpool, to adopt measures for raising money by subscription to erect a monument to the late Mr. Roscoe. Upwards of 3000 were subscribed in the room. It is also announced that his Life and Correspondence are to be published in volumes uniform with the life of De Medicis and Leo X. The late demise of Mr. Roscoe may be considered a misfortune of no common magnitude to the literature of his country. He was formerly an eminent merchant; and like Hope, Rogers, and others, mingled the pursuit of letters with the more every day business of the world. His knowledge of the Italian, and his passion for the literature of that country, caused him to address himself earnestly to the life and works of Lorenzo de Medicis, surnamed

the magnificent; one who, like his historian, was a great merchant and a great man. Few persons in England can fill the void which he has left in this particular study. His enthusiasm is manifest in the translations of De Medicis' sonnets, and by the pious care with which he arranged the events and triumphs that marked the course of the great Italian. His Life of Leo X. is the best English record of that ecclesiastical potentate; and possesses much more dignity and grace, though less amusing than other lives of the great papal personages. The Life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, as translated from the Italian of Pope Gregorio Leti, by Chaplain Farnworth, of Jesus College, Cambridge, though full of interest, is certainly less elevated and sedate than the pages of Roscoe. His faithfulness to the original has been much applauded, and though the complete literal rendering can seldom be accomplished, Mr. Roscoe approached it as nearly as an English scholar, who had drunk deeply of undefiled wells in his own language, could be expected to do. One or two of his countrymen had before attempted translations from the popular works of Italy, but in the same unpolished style that the learned Barrow rendered from the Latin—with great freedom and liberality. The English compositions of Roscoe are many of them exceedingly beautiful. The Ode to Burns, generally attributed to his pen, is one of the most finished and pathetic elegies which, at the time, that engrossing event called forth from the literary world. The claims of Mr. Roscoe on the respect and honour of posterity are very strong, and his memory will be long regarded with deserved reverence.—*Philad. Gazette.*

#### MARRIED,

In this city, Joseph Brundage, Esq. to Miss Rebecca Sherwood.  
Mr. John Geo. Anderson, to Miss Jane N. E. Lawrence.  
In Concord, N. H. Capt. Joseph Menahan, of Washington, to Miss Ellen D. Montgomery.  
In Newport, N. H. Rev. Leonard Tracy, of Claremont, to Miss Martha N. Farnsworth.  
In Lowell, Mass. Mr. Walter Wright to Miss Harriet A. Reed.  
In Portland, Me. Mr. Wm. B. Nason to Miss Mary J. Hudson.  
In Exbury, Ms. Walter Clanning, M. D. of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Wright.  
In Lynn, Ms. Mr. Jacob Caldwell to Miss Elizabeth Hatch.  
In Charleston, S. C. Capt. Edward Chandler, of Marblehead, to Miss Margaret Combs.  
In Watertown, N. Y. James Brown, Esq. of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Cox, of Troy.  
In Philadelphia, Mr. Oliver R. Robins, of this city, to Miss Bridgette Mary Benneken Gaudin.

#### DIED,

In this city, Mrs. Mary Catherine Murray, wife of Hamilton Murray, 25.  
Mr. David Evans, a native of Cornwall, Eng. After a short illness, Mr. Robert, 28.  
In Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Helen Osterlander, wife of Dr. F. W. Osterlander, of this city.  
In Portland, Me. Mr. William House, a revolutionary patriot, 75.  
In Hingham, Mass. Mr. Jonathan Thaxter, a soldier of the Revolution, 90.  
In Richmond, Va. Rev. John H. Rice, D. D. 62.  
In Columbia College, D. C. Mr. Ephraim R. Nelson, Principal of the Classical School, 21.  
In Elizabethtown, N. J. Capt. Cyrus D. Hart, of the Revolutionary army, 74.  
In Worcester, Ohio. Rev. Ralph Cashman, late pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Marietta.  
In the county of Cape May, N. J. Mrs. Mary Wales, wife of Dr. Edward Wales, 21.  
In Elgin, N. Y. Abraham Dillender, M. D. 55.  
In Philadelphia, Richard McCall, Esq. late Navy Agent for the Mediterranean.

Albany, Sept. 1, 1831.

**State of New York, Secretary's Office.**  
SIR—I hereby give you notice, that at the next General Election, which is to be held on the first Monday of November next, and the two succeeding days, a Senator is to be chosen in the place of John I. Schuch, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. If there are any candidates in the office of Sheriff or Clerk, proper to be supplied at the General Election, the Inspectors will give notice accordingly.  
A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.  
The Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff of City and County of New York.  
All the newspapers in the County will publish the above notice in each week until the election, and send in their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office. Sept. 17.

**Made's Improved Effervescent Magnesia.**  
ONE of the most agreeable effervescent aperients that have been offered to the public, being deprived of that peculiar bitterness which almost all the preparations of Magnesia possess, while it retains all its medical properties. It is particularly adapted, and perhaps superior to any other remedy in counteracting acidity of stomach and relieving many of the most distressing symptoms of dyspepsia, such as nausea and heartburn, and has been found of essential service in gout, bilious affections, head-ache, habitual costiveness—and is recommended in these disorders of the stomach and bowels with which children are so much affected in the summer season. It is superfluous to detail more fully the medicinal qualities of this preparation; the proprietor only solicits those to whose complaints it is adapted, to give it a fair and impartial trial, under the full persuasion that they will not be disappointed in its beneficial effects. Sold wholesale and retail by the proprietor's sole agent, at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug and Chemical Store, No. 303 Broadway, corner of Duane-st. Sept. 24.

#### GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson-street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths, at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front; one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz:

For a single Ticket, \$0 25  
eight do. 1 50  
forty do. 5 00  
100 do. viz 40 gentle- 10 00  
men, 30 ladies, and 20 children, 1

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage, will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. WILLIAM M. THORP

**IN PRESS.**—McElrath & Bings have in press, and will shortly publish, the following works—*Writ. Patrick Henry*—Sketches of the life and character of Patrick Henry, by Wm Writ, with the last corrections by the author. The work will be published in one beautiful octavo volume, large new type, with a portrait of Patrick Henry, and will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks.

*Village Sermons*, or sixty-five plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for families, or companies assembled for religious instruction in country villages, by George Burder.

*Webster's Elementary Primer*, or First Lessons for Children, being an introduction to the Elementary Spelling Book, by Noah Webster.

The Primer will be ready in a few weeks. One set of stereotype plates, with the privilege of publishing west of the Alleghany mountains for 14 years from the date of the copy-right, will be sold on good terms.

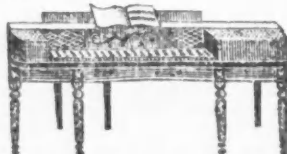
McELRATH & BINGS,

Publishers, New-York.

Who have constantly for sale, an assortment of Historical, Theological, Philosophical, Miscellaneous school books. Country Merchants supplied with all kinds of school books, blank books and stationery on the most reasonable terms. Sept. 20.

**EXTRAORDINARY EDUCATION.** 152 Nassau-street, opposite the City-Hall, and 371 1-2 Grand, between Clinton and Suffolk-streets.

A new and most wonderful system ever invented. Hours—9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10, evening. At Nassau street, 152, 2d story, opposite the City-Hall, 4 doors from Tammany Hall, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. At Grand-street 371 1-2, between Clinton and Suffolk, (two lower rooms) Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.



**PIANO, GUITAR, and SINGING.**—a new and simple, yet easy system. Mr. GOWARD, many years a paid teacher of Music and Writing Masters, and 12 years Professor and Teacher with unparalleled success in various parts of the world, has infused the Indian and Gentlemen of New York, that he has arranged a "Set of Exercises," original and selected from the best European and American works of merit, in so easy, pleasing, and mutually progressive order, as to remove all those difficulties and discouragements so generally felt and complained of, and make the scholar's progress the most rapid, thorough, and interesting. Sept. 20.

#### CASTLE GARDEN BATH.

THE public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in the pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

The PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath, or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray-sts. May 28

#### E. GIDNEY, DENTIST.

HAVING occasion to visit Europe, feels a pleasure in recommending to his friends and patrons as his successor Mr. J. A. PLEASANTS. From the advantages of having been the assistant of Mr. Eleazer Parry, and the favorable recommendation of that gentleman, I speak with the greatest confidence of his qualifications as a Dentist.

E. GIDNEY.

Mr. Pleasants continues in the same rooms, No. 46 Park Place.

#### NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOT LINE.

FOR ALBANY—From the new Steam-Boat Pier at the foot of Barclay-street. PASSAGE \$2. MEALS EXTRA.

#### DAY LINE

The low pressure steam-boat North America, Captain

Jaynes Benson, Leaves New-York

Tuesday, Leaves Albany

Thursday, and Friday, at 7 o'clock A. M.

Saturday, and Sunday.

The low pressure steam-boat Albany, Captain Joseph

Jenkins, Leaves New-York

Wednesday, Leaves Albany

Thursday, and Friday, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Saturday, and Sunday.

The low pressure steam-boat New Philadelphia, Cap.

George E. Seymour, Leaves New-York

Tuesday, Leaves Albany

Thursday, and Friday, at 5 P. M.

Saturday, and Sunday.

The low pressure steam-boat De Witt Clinton, Captain

Sherman, Leaves New-York

Monday, Leaves Albany

Wednesday, and Thursday, at 5 P. M.

Friday, and Saturday, at 1 P. M.

Sunday, and Monday.

**NEW WASHINGTON BATH**

No 12 Fourth Street, between Washington

Square and Birch Avenue.

DANIEL H. WEED

**R**ESPECTFULLY informs the public that the above establishment is now open, fitted up with every convenience suitable for such an establishment. It supplies with pure spring water, and clean furniture. An excellent modulating attendant has charge of the gentlemen's apartments, while the ladies will be attended by Mrs. Weed. Those inclined to visit are assured that no pains will be spared to render it as pleasant and convenient as can be desired.

Single tickets \$5 cents

5 do. \$1 00

15 do. \$2 50

25 do. \$5 00

New-York, June, 1831

#### SUPERIOR SEIDLITZ AND SODA POW-

DETS.

**T**HE exact proportions and excellent quality of the ingredients in these Powders, and the neat and durable manner in which they are put up, removes the cause for deguising them with foreign labels and stamps. The subscriber feels disposed that their reputation should stand upon their merits; and if they are not as good as ever were offered for sale, he hopes his present extensive sale may not be increased. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, at No. 20 Fulton and 5th Division streets by Dr. L. S. COMSTOCK.

Sept. 3, 1831.

#### NOTICE.

**T**HE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaint, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved; where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st. T. KENSETT.

#### ROBERT LOWE, JR.

#### HAIR CUTTER.

Re-opened at 80 Nassau-street, between John and William-streets.

**MAGIC MATCHES.** or Instantaneous Chemical Pocket Lights, calculated for travellers, sportsmen and families. This article, for convenience, excels all others now in use, and possesses the peculiar excellence not being impaired by age. For sale, wholesale and retail, by N. B. GRAHAM, jun. Aug. 13 38 Cedar, corner William st.

**MINERALS.**—The subscriber receives constantly supplies of the most select and exquisite specimens of foreign and American Minerals, which he is now willing to dispose of, either in whole sets or single specimens. Professors or Amateurs who wish to complete their collections in any branch of Natural History, and are not able to visit this city, are requested to communicate their desire by writing, and they may depend upon being served at as good a rate as if they were present; they apply at the drug and chemical store of Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

Sept. 20.

**ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.**—Just received from England, a fresh supply of this superior genuine article, which is offered at wholesale and retail, in the drug and chemical store of Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

Sept. 20.